



SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 12, No. 4

(The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Props.)
Office—26 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, DEC. 10, 1898.

TERMS: Single Copies, 5c.
Per Annum (in advance), \$2. Whole No. 576

Things in General.

THE town of Napanee does not, I believe, undertake to defend the conduct of every person who cheered on the streets of that place on Friday night of last week, but desires to file a strong protest and make some explanations. In the first place it is claimed that a very little row was magnified into a very big one by the despatches in the newspapers, and the reading of the Riot Act fitted in with any wild tale of lawlessness that might be telegraphed outside or imagined by outsiders. The town council of Napanee met on Monday evening, and appear to be strongly of the opinion that it is a body that should have something to say in regard to the matter, for certainly they say what they think with rare pointedness. If the Riot Act was read as a practical joke, the town council of Napanee fails to relish the jest; and it denies the necessity for reading it. Perhaps the town council has no right to criticize the course pursued; but it has done so. According to the *Globe* the resolution adopted by the council "averts that while the crowd was in peaceful occupation of the street and was not in any way acting in a disorderly manner the Act was read without any cause or reason for so doing. . . . The statement that Mr. Justice Ferguson was mobbed is characterized as untrue." According to all the Toronto daily papers the resolution concludes as follows:

"We do declare our disapproval of the reading of said Act, and wish to place on record that the reading of the Riot Act under the alleged circumstances under which it was read, was not a necessary proceeding, and was entirely uncalled for, and in the judgment of this municipal body, was a very unwise and improper proceeding."

If the Crown held that there was a necessity for reading the Riot Act the evident humor of the multitude must have given rise to apprehensions. It may be well to remember that this trial followed close on the heels of a political bye-election; it was into a disturbed constituency that the court went, and the town was not in its normal condition to begin with. The people as a whole were absolutely positive as to Ponton's innocence; evidence against him only made them angry, for this evidence was regarded as the joint manufacture of Pinkerton detectives and the two crooks who in turn entered the witness-box and sat there in full view, villainous, repulsive, swearing to that which gave promise of helping their own carcasses out of danger—this was, I say, the determined feeling of the spectators. Nothing served to up-root it. They were secure in the belief that the court, however patiently it might listen to the tales spun by the two crooks, would conclude by declaring their evidence unbelievable. They were not prepared for anything else, and His Lordship's charge to the jury contained a surprise that upset them. This explains, if it does not excuse, any tumult of feeling that manifested itself. Public faith in everybody and in everything disappeared for a time that night—which was very wrong, but very human.

Although it is affirmed that no indignity was offered Mr. Justice Ferguson, and that the Riot Act was never read in Canada on such trifling provocation, it must be admitted that any demonstration against a justice of the High Court of Justice in the discharge of his duty is necessarily one of the most dangerous and reprehensible of occurrences and not to be tolerated for one moment in a country that justly prides itself on the probity of its judges and the patient confidence in court processes that distinguishes its people. The state of popular feeling that makes it even seem necessary to supply a judge with an escort, is not far removed from the lawlessness that in parts of the United States seizes accused persons and lynches them without trial. All sensible people must concede that any public demonstration whatever against a judge must be at once repressed with a vigor that takes no account of the degree of contempt displayed or violence offered. There must be none of it to-day, or who shall guarantee that there will not be a calamitous abundance of it to-morrow? It is a danger that cannot be paltered with.

Mackie was found guilty by the jury and sentenced by Mr. Justice Ferguson to ten years in the penitentiary. Against him there was testimony apart from that of the two professional burglars, and this must have weighed with the jury. The two crooks claimed to have put up at his brother's hotel in Belleville, and this was not clearly disproven; witnesses testified to seeing him in their company; the French women, his sisters-in-law, gave testimony which, if believed, would satisfy the jury of his guilt; the Mix father and son; the young Indian, Hill; the man who brought a message from one Roach in Kingston to Mackie—these witnesses gave evidence that the jury accepted.

Ten jurors favored the acquittal of W. H. Ponton, the other two favored conviction; sent back to try again, the dissenting two held their ground, and the jury was dismissed. Mr. Ponton is to have another trial; bail was fixed at \$10,000 and promptly put up by two leading citizens of Belleville. The Crown decided that the trial of Pare and Holden—or the sentencing of them, for their trial can be but a formality—would be postponed until the next trial of Mr. Ponton. If these men were sentenced now, there is probably no telling what they would say at the next trial of the accused bank clerk. Moreover, as their punishment will, as is the custom in such cases, be measured by the value and truthfulness of their evidence, they must abide the test of another appearance in court. The sardonic Pare, the sullen Holden have been re-placed in the jail at Napanee; Mackie has been taken to Kingston Penitentiary; Mr. Ponton has returned to his home in Belleville. Here the case stands for the present.

Stirring as were the descriptions in some of the daily papers of the scenes in Napanee and Belleville when young Ponton made his appearance, I am told that the scenes have not been fittingly described. As he was being driven from the jail to the railway station at Napanee he found the streets almost blocked with men, women and children, who cheered him on and expressed their faith in him and their enthusiasm for him. At Belleville five or six hundred people met him at the railway station—not curiosity-hunters, but largely people of substance and merit, firmly, unalterably convinced that this young man did not do this thing. After all, are not the people the final authority, the real jury that brings in the verdict? When the people among whom a man lives, among whom he has lived nearly all his life, who have met him early and late, sick and well, hungry and fed, in business and in pleasure, rise up as one man and declare him incapable of a crime imputed to him, it is a most rare and significant certificate of character, and one which very few could command. I do not wish to be misunderstood. I have already expressed my views upon the conduct of those who showed disrespect to the Crown in this case. Yet a jury has a voice in court simply because it is a fragment of the same people to whom the accused person belongs. It has no other claim to existence but this. These twelve men, once sworn in, may represent all the people, and the remaining twelve hundred, twelve thousand or twelve million may have no status in court whatever, and they may seem to shout in vain. But their verdict such as it is—unanimous, hoarse, irresponsible, unsolicited, unreasoning, reached by a short cut, and apparently of no use to anybody—is a mighty comfortable thing for a man to have by him. After all, public opinion is the jury that sits forever and brings in verdicts on everything. As Heine, or somebody else, puts it, "The people have time enough, they are immortal; kings only are mortal." All of which sounds comforting enough for a person who is not on trial.

THE friends of W. H. Ponton in Napanee are of a practical turn, and recognizing the fact that an exhausting legal fight has already taken place and that another will follow, they are subscribing towards the defence fund. It is proposed to contribute one thousand dollars in this way as an evidence of the faith reposed in the young bank clerk. Mr. F. P. Douglas, Napanee, is treasurer of the local committee, and in writing me about it says that outsiders who, realizing that important principles are involved in this case, desire to contribute to the fund, may do so through him, and that their letters will be acknowledged at once. One citizen of Napanee began the fund with a cheque for fifty dollars, and in a few minutes the amount had risen by small sums to nearly two hundred. There will be no difficulty in raising the amount, yet many of our readers will probably consider it a privilege to be represented in this testimonial, which will serve the purpose of guaranteeing a thorough and able defence when the case comes up again.

Any reader of this paper who, having followed the case from the start, and knowing how very expensive these great trials are, with scores of witnesses and experts and famous lawyers, feels that the accused person should not be overborne at last

so much and performing so little can have the effrontery to put himself up for re-election, but he has probably learned that the less he actually does the less objectionable he thereby makes himself in influential quarters. Those who are influential are generous enough to permit a candidate to threaten and storm to his heart's content so that he but spends himself on the stump and carries none of his energy on into the Council chamber. Year after year we have seen this in Toronto. When December arrives each year we have an astonishing upheaval that throws into prominence men never seen nor heard of during the other eleven months of the year. Their names are in every mouth, their election cards are thrust into every door and stare at you from every public place—insignificant persons who possess no ability nor capacity for doing anything, or for thinking anything, or for wisely understanding anything; they have behind them no following whatever, but all they require in order to get into the running is that two citizens—perhaps in jest—shall place each name on a nomination paper. They seldom get elected, but year after year drag along in the tail of the procession, making the contest ridiculous, causing suitable men to shun it, yet getting even from ignominious defeat a publicity and a

those years—recurring now and then—in which the men who fondly believe that they control the world's destinies find themselves tossed aside as of no account, while things become inextricably confused and settle down in new and undreamt-of forms and combinations; then these frail human flies flit back and resume their pretended control of affairs which they nor their kind never controlled. Mr. Carnegie, like many more, sees only trouble ahead and dramatically asks if there is any bad thing that any one can think of that is not now threatened as a result of success in the recent war.

THE Conference at Washington seems to be shaping around as if it might possibly do something before it gets through. This is a contingency that very few of us foresaw. It was generally felt in Canada that the Conference might be a success socially and a benefit to the extent that a better feeling would be established between Washington and Ottawa, but that a treaty would result, or that outstanding difficulties would be adjusted, was not seriously expected. United States Governments have heretofore always appeared to assume that Canadian Governments in entering into discussions on the tariff and other questions, were really driven to the point of final surrender by the pressure of hard circumstances and inevitable destiny, and they stipulated for a surrender that would be just about as final as possible. It is a question whether the present moment is quite as opportune as some had supposed for an adjustment of difficulties, for the feeling of cordiality towards the British Empire which now moves in the people of the republic may be just a little less than the pride of strength that now swells their veins. Whatever Lord Herschell may expect I am of the opinion that the Canadian representatives at the Conference—with their experience to guide them—will only expect to find Uncle Sam cordial enough to accept anything he can get, but not wrought up to such a hot passion of friendliness as to give away anything of his own. Whenever Uncle Sam trades horses he needs a new stall in his stable. We all know him fairly well and we can but hope that the desire for results may not lead our representatives into making such a horse trade as will reveal them walking home carrying the empty harness on their shoulders.

THE German Emperor in his message to the Reichstag "hailed with firm approval the Czar's magnanimous proposal" for the maintenance of peace. The German budget, however, provides for these ordinary expenditures: Army, 79,833,088 marks; navy, 30,431,500 marks; extraordinary expenses—army, 44,603,680 marks; navy, 33,879,000 marks. Including the 8,500,000 marks voted for the defence of Chinese ports, these sums make up one-third of the total revenue of Germany. It would appear, then, that Kipling, who sneered at the truce of the Bear, is not alone in his idea that the Czar's talk of peace is disquieting.

The Kaiser's strange pilgrimage to Jerusalem still provokes discussion, and the despatch telling of the deep disappointment which he confesses seized him on entering the Holy City, makes a subject for thought for serious people. He did not find the Jerusalem that he set out to see. The Christians make no impression on the Mohammedans because they are divided into hostile camps, and it is a strange thing that the strongest protest against this should come from the erratic German war lord, who, in a spirit of veneration, exclaims that these contending Christian factions "must be prevented, even by force, from quarrelling with one another at this sacred spot." He says that the squalor and decay in Jerusalem are indescribable.

RUSSIAN and French diplomats have pointedly denied the rumor that the European powers proposed to interfere in Spain's behalf at a critical period of the recent war, but were deterred by the firm refusal of Great Britain to countenance such a step. That anything of the kind occurred the French and Russian ministers at Washington denied, and these denials were allowed to go unchallenged by Great Britain. But that there was a real and substantial friendship on England's part, and a sure reliance on it on the part of the United States cannot be denied. Some light has been thrown on the attitude of the powers by Mr. W. T. Stead, who has just returned to London after a trip to all the Continental capitals, where he interviewed nearly all the leading statesmen and several rulers. He says:

Immediately after the war broke out a diplomatic representative of the powers communicated to the American Minister at an European court in plain and unmistakable terms the displeasure of the powers and their desire to express that displeasure publicly and forcibly. These communications were sufficiently serious for the contingency of the use of the allied forces of the European nations for the coercion of the United States to be frankly discussed between the two diplomatists. The result of that discussion was to put a summary stop to all notion of European intervention.

"If you intervene," said the American Minister, "it means war."

"Yes," rejoined his visitor, "and the forces of the great European powers, acting in alliance, would overwhelm any opposition which America could offer."

"No doubt," said the American, "but you would have to bring forces across the Atlantic to the other hemisphere and keep them there for the rest of your natural life. The new world is not going to submit to the old world any more. No, sir; not any more than it submitted a century since, when the odds were far worse."

"And remember," he added, as a clincher, "that when you were hurrying your armies and your navies across three thousand miles of sea to fight America you would have to count with England, who is certainly not friendly to your enterprise."

This put an extinguisher on the proposal. Nothing more was heard of the contemplated intervention. It never got so far as to be submitted to England. The whole design was checked at the very outset by the calm audacity with which the representative of America played his cards in leading the trump card of the Anglo-American *entente*, which henceforth will play a leading part in all the dealings of the English-speaking people with their jealous and suspicious neighbors.

I am very glad to be able to set forth the actual facts as they actually happened. They were told me at first hand by the person most immediately concerned, and you can absolutely rely upon the accuracy of the above statement.

Although Mr. Stead seems to be a self-appointed investigator-at-large, yet as he conducts his operations on a large scale, not deigning to interview any public man whose rank is beneath that of a premier, nor any noble who is not a Royal Highness, he has almost come to be regarded on the Continent as one of the first-class Powers of Europe. It may be presumed that Russia and France hesitate in regard to any project to question how Great Britain, Germany and Stead will view the proceeding. But we must take Europe as we find it, and Mr. Stead is in Europe. We may regard the statement he makes as authentic, for he probably secured information from a Royal Highness that induced him to see an "American Minister." If any lesser person than Mr. Stead had offered us this story, however, we might doubt it, for it implies that an "American" abroad and alone, bearded the powers of Europe, carried off a high bluff, has been chucking over it for months, yet did cable the whole story to the New York papers and get his name put up for President. But Mr. Stead is the greatest of interviewers and his statement is no doubt correct. There is, therefore, somewhere in Europe a reticent "American" who holds circumspect views of the duty he owes to his official position. It will probably be found necessary to identify this person and bring him home to found a school of diplomacy at Washington, for his qualities are rare among a people whose admirals and generals find it necessary to defend themselves in the press against the criticisms of captains and lieutenants.



THE LARBOARD WATCH.

From a drawing by C. Krohg.

because of financial exhaustion, should remit something to the fund started in Napanee.

NO man can reach any degree of prominence without having anecdotes coupled with his name, and some very interesting ones are related of people we all know. County Judge Macdonald, in charging the grand jury on Tuesday, referred to the reading of the Riot Act at Napanee, and said that Mr. Justice Ferguson was the kind of man who would not flinch if a pistol were put to his ear. He certainly enjoys the reputation of being one of the last men in the world to be intimidated or influenced by clamor. In the clubs a story is told of Mr. Justice Ferguson in his younger days, and while nobody vouches for its truth, nobody doubts it. He went out gold mining to California, and, securing a claim in the regular way, began work. One day he was digging in his shaft when a burly miner came over, looked down at him, and ordered him to get out. "This is my claim, and if you don't get out —" It was quite clear that the miner intended to seize the claim, so young Ferguson, docilely remarking that he did not wish to deprive any man of his claim, held up his hand for the other to help him out of the shaft. The story goes that old miners still tell of what happened to that bully once young Ferguson got on level ground with him, and a few moments later the future Justice of the High Court was quietly digging away again in his shaft, with nobody standing around the edge making remarks. The miner admitted that he had been in error.

THIS is the month set apart for the humbugging of the people. Statesmanlike policies, good ideas, glimmerings of sense, and fads to no end are brought out during the month of December, dinned into the public ear, threshed out in the newspapers, on platforms and on street corners until polling day, and then dropped and forgotten until the next December comes around. One marvels that an alderman after promising

degree of honor that they do not deserve. Have not these persons been tolerated long enough in this considerable city? Toronto should begin to improve on the practical jokes that are played in rural places every nomination day. The men with bees in their bonnets should be dropped in the various wards of the city. The joke begins to pall.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE, whose literary style seems to have undergone as decided a change as if he had secured a new private secretary, is writing busily to the magazines and newspapers, pointing out what he thinks should be the policy of the United States in regard to the islands wrested from Spain. He is deeply impressed with the danger of attempting to do anything not provided for in the "constitution," and urges that the Philippines particularly should be reorganized on some simple basis of popular rule and quickly set adrift to enjoy in full the blessing of freedom. Mr. Carnegie's insistence on this was somewhat difficult to understand until the other day, when a letter of his in the New York *Post* revealed that which was working in his mind. The acquisition of the Philippines reopens, he says, the silver question, "from which we have just been congratulating ourselves we are free." Silver is the basis of currency in the Philippines, and it is feared that India has been holding out to Great Britain. Those who have said that the United States could not hold Cuba and the Philippines without altering her habits of life, are seeing signs daily indicating that those habits must be almost revolutionized. The Eastern question must now be, partly, her question. She must rise up, at careful cost, a body of diplomats. She must, somehow, empower ambassadors to make agreements that will be binding without waiting for the approval of Congress or Senate. The republic has, indeed, plunged off along a new road and nobody can begin to prophesy where it will really lead to. This appears to have been one of

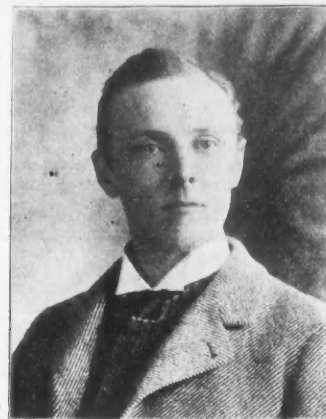
Do Not Fail to Secure a Copy of "Saturday Night's Christmas" before they are all gone



The Burglarized Safe at Napanee.
Being removed from the Bank to the Court House.



The Court House at Napanee.
Scene of the Bank Robbery Trial.



W. H. Ponton.

Will of Peter the Great.

The Alleged Policy of Russia.

[The will of Peter the Great, described in the Memoires de la Chevaliere d'Éon as a "plan for compassing European supremacy," left for his successors, and deposited in the archives of the palaces of Peterhof, near St. Petersburg. It advocated "approach as near as possible to Constantinople and towards the Indies, wars with Turkey and Persia, possession of the shores of the Black Sea and the Baltic," etc. The existence of the will denied by the Czar was first announced by M. Léon in his *Projet de la Puissance Russe*, published at Paris in 1812. In 1865 Dr. Berkholtz of Riga asserted that the will was a forgery, probably dictated by Napoleon I. Mr. W. J. Thoms, the antiquary, and others, contended for the genuineness of the will as recently as June, 1878.]

"IN the name of the Most Holy and Indivisible Trinity, we, Peter the Great, unto all our descendants and successors to the throne and government of the Russian nation.

"The All Powerful, from whom we hold our life and our throne, after having revealed unto us His wishes and intentions, and after being our support, permit us to look upon Russia as called upon to establish her rule over all Europe. This idea is based upon the fact that all the nations of this portion of the globe are fast approaching a state of utter decrepitude. From this it results that they can be easily conquered by a new race of people when it has attained full power and strength. We look upon our invasion of the West and the East as a decree of Divine Providence which has already once regenerated the Roman Empire by an invasion of barbarians.

"The emigration of men from the North is like the inundation of the Nile, which at certain seasons enriches with its waters the arid plains of Egypt. We found Russia a small rivulet, we leave it an immense river. Our successors will make of it an ocean, destined to fertilize the whole of Europe, if they know how to guide its waves. We leave them, then, the following instructions, which we earnestly recommend to their constant meditation:

1. To keep the Russian nation in constant warfare, in order always to have good soldiers. Peace must only be permitted to remit the finances. To recruit the army, choose the moment favorable for attack. Thus peace will advance your projects of war, and war those of peace, for obtaining the enlargement and prosperity of Russia.

2. Draw unto you, by all possible means, from the civilized nations of Europe, captains during war and learned men during peace—so that Russia may benefit by the advantages of other nations.

3. Take care to mix in the affairs of all Europe, and in particular of Germany, which, being the nearest nation to you, deserves your chief attention.

4. Divide Poland by raising up continual disorders and jealousies within its bosom. Gain over its rulers with gold;

influence and corrupt the diet, in order to have a voice in the election of the kings. Make partisans and protect them; if neighboring powers raise objections and opposition, surmount the obstacle by stirring up discord within their countries.

5. Take all you can from Sweden; and, to effect this, isolate her from Denmark, and, *vice versa*, be careful to rouse their jealousy.

6. Marry Russian princes with German princesses; multiply these alliances; unite these interests; and, by the increase of our influence, attach Germany to our cause.

7. Seek the alliance with England, on account of our commerce, as being the country the most useful for the development of our navy (merchants, etc.), and for the exchange of our produce against her gold; keep up continued communications with her merchants and sailors, so that ours may acquire experience in commerce and navigation.

8. Constantly extend yourselves along the shores of the Baltic and borders of the Euxine.

9. Do all in your power to approach closely Constantinople and India. Remember that he who rules over these countries is the real sovereign of the world. Keep up continued wars with Turkey and Persia. Establish dockyards in the Black Sea. Gradually obtain the command of this sea, as well as of the Baltic. This is necessary for the entire success of our projects. Hasten the fall of Persia. Open for yourselves a route towards the Persian Gulf. Re-establish as much as possible, by means of Syria, the ancient commerce of the Levant, and thus advance towards India. Once there, you will not require English gold.

10. Carefully seek the alliance of Austria. Make her believe that you will second her in her projects for dominion over Germany, and secretly stir up the jealousy of other princes against her, and manage that each be disposed to claim the assistance of Russia; and exercise over each a sort of protection which will lead the way to future dominion over them.

11. Make Austria drive the Turks out of Europe, and neutralize her jealousy by offering to her a portion of your conquests, which you will further on take back.

12. Above all, recall around you the schismatic Greeks, who are spread over Hungary and Poland; become their center and support—as universal dominion over them, by a kind of sacerdotal rule (autocratic sacerdotal); by this you will have many friends amongst your enemies.

13. Sweden dismembered, Persia conquered, Poland subjugated, Turkey beaten, our armies united, the Black and Baltic Seas guarded by our vessels, prepare separately and secretly, first the Court of Versailles, then that of Vienna, to share the empire of the universe with Russia. If one cept, flatter her ambition and *amour propre*, and make use of one to crush the other, by engaging them in war. The result cannot be doubtful; Russia will be possessed of the whole of the East, and of a great portion of Europe.

14. If, which is not probable, both should refuse the offer of Russia, raise a quarrel between them, and one which will ruin them both. Then Russia, profiting by this critical moment, will inundate Germany with the troops which she will have assembled beforehand. At the same time two fleets full of soldiers will have the Baltic and the Black Sea, will advance along the Mediterranean and the Ocean, keeping France in check with one, and Germany with the other. And these two countries conquered, the remainder of Europe will fall under our yoke.

Thus can Europe be subjugated."

An Editor Who Can Do Something.

The Napanee bank robbery trial would have been made famous by the evidence given for the defence by one witness if the trial had yielded nothing else to attract public interest. This witness went on the stand and swore that he could open any safe, and that he could open the average safe in from three to fifteen minutes. Holding a lock in his hands, he showed that there are certain sets of three numbers which will open on two of these; and that similarly there are some combinations of four numbers which will yield to three. The four numbers on which Pare said the bank safe was set on the night of the robbery belonged to this class, the witness said, and he illustrated the fact on the lock by opening it with three.



ARTHUR GRAVELLE.
The editor who is a safe expert.

down as the editor who not only writes of what other people do, but can do something himself. I had two or three conversations with him in Napanee during the first week of the trial, when he was waiting with subdued impatience for the Crown to conclude its case, so that he might give expert testimony and get back to his *Journal*.

At that time it was the practice of newspaper men and detectives to treat his claims—not his claims, either, for he did not talk—as preposterous and quite amusing.

"If he can open a safe without knowing the combination why don't he accept the standing offer of the safemakers and earn that \$5,000?" said one of the Pinkerton men to me.

"Well, he can earn that \$5,000 in about eleven minutes," said a by-stander. "I saw him open a safe in Peterboro' one day, and he was n't in the same room as the safe for more than fifteen minutes." The detective smiled superior and moved away.

Mr. Gravelle I found to be a very silent person, and although I met him more than once he appeared to have no desire to say anything but to enquire when I supposed the case would be finished. In the office of the Paisley House he sat in an armchair, remotely alone in the midst of a crowd, not even with the companionship of tobacco. A more isolated figure there was not in Napanee. He seemed quite satisfied with his own company, and after he had given his evidence the people were of opinion that his own company was quite distinguished. He made a great sensation.

The defence wished to call witnesses to show that Mr. Gravelle had opened certain safes without difficulty. This right was denied. Then the defence offered to have Mr. Gravelle taken downstairs in the Court House to the bank safe, which he would undertake to open in the presence of the judge and jury. This offer was not accepted. It was thus practically conceded that the editor of the *Renfrew Journal* can open a safe without knowing the combination.

"There are certain simple combinations on which nearly all safes are set," said Mr. Gravelle, "and one can nearly always find in a few minutes if one of these is in use. Others not quite so simple can be tried for, and if none of these are in use, then I begin with my system. That system can never fail. The whole system, covering several million possible combinations, could be exhausted in nine hundred hours, but in three hours I can exhaust the first division of my system, and that will cover any ordinary case."

On an average there are fifty different combinations that will open a safe when set on certain numbers. The bank safe, if set on the numbers given by Pare, could be opened on about three thousand different sets of numbers. "Are you prepared to demonstrate that?" "I am," said Mr. Gravelle.

A most astonishing man is this country editor from Renfrew. When he says, "I am" prepared to demonstrate something, or "Yes," he can do something, he says it very quietly, but nobody could possibly doubt him. If he said in court that he could eat a safe and was prepared to do so, everybody within sight and hearing would believe in his ability to do it. He is so quiet, slow, sure, in all he says and does—so clearly the master of his subject and of himself in relation to it, that to doubt him requires a distinct effort of the intellect.

What does it all mean? Are safes unsafe? It would seem so unless Mr. Gravelle is a wizard. If a country editor can open any combination—and almost any combination in fifteen minutes—why may not burglars do the same? Burglars are usually possessed of mechanical genius. Apparently the Crown in the Napanee case contended that geometry made Mr. Gravelle's system possible, and that Pare was not shown to be a geometrical. But the question, "Is a safe a safe?" is sure to receive a great deal of discussion for some time to come.

MACK.

A Colonial Club in London.

LONDON, November 15, 1898.
The London Colonial Club bids fair to become the center of the best colonial interests in this country. At the annual meeting held on October 28 at the Hotel Cecil, with Sir Horace Tozer, K.C.M.G., in the chair, a resolution was passed empowering the committee to seek suitable residential quarters for the Club. Up to the present the meetings of this organization have been held in the Hotel Cecil and have taken the form of smokers, dances and dinners. As the membership, however, since the inception of the Club some three years ago, has now rolled up to nearly five hundred, the members naturally feel that the time has come to take a building and make it replete with all the comforts of a well appointed club, and creditable to the great colonial empire which in one sense will be focused there. At the present time there is no place in England where a Canadian can welcome his visiting friends or extend to them the courtesies of his club. That time, however, is now coming to an end, and soon, in a central position of this great metropolis, every visiting colonial will be able to find an easy chair and a warm welcome beside the cosy fireside of the London Colonial Club.

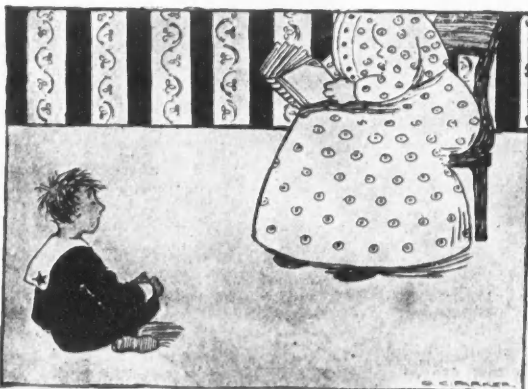
Originally this Club comprised only those gentlemen connected with the different offices of the Colonial Commissioners in London, but it now includes the whole Colonial Empire. The governing body consist of a committee elected from the four following divisions of the Empire: Australasia, British America, British Africa and British Asia. The two former divisions elect four of the committee-men each, and the two latter two each. The British American members of the committee for the ensuing year are: Col. Willoughby Wallace, and Messrs. C. F. Just, K. N. Macfie and J. Rippon. The Mr. C. F. Just here mentioned is the librarian at the Canadian Commissioner's office and is one of the prime movers in the original club. He is a gentleman than whom no one is better qualified to look after the interests of the great Dominion.

Sir Horace Tozer, the Agent General for Queensland, voiced the feelings of the other Agents-General by strongly endorsing the idea of a permanent London Colonial Club. Sir Walter Peace, Agent-General for Natal, and Dr. Cockburn, the Agent-General for South Australia, also backed up Sir Horace with suitable remarks. Our own Commissioner, Lord Strathcona, was unfortunately unable to be with us, as he was out of town, but his enthusiastic attitude on the question is well known.

The secretary of this organization is Mr. A. G. Berry, 15, Victoria street, Westminster, S.W. Mr. Berry is a genial "down underer," and would be delighted to answer any enquiries.

Note.—In this connection it might be remarked that all Canadian Clubs should have the right to introduce their members or those who are acceptable to them. It would be well to arrange the matter. Every one claiming to be a Colonial could not be admitted or it might be made a very queer collection. The idea is a good one and to be made successful should be carefully handled.

The First Arrival.
New York Life.



Grandma (finishing the story)—And so, poor, dear little Abel went to heaven, and naughty Cain was sent to hell.
The listener (after a pause)—Cain—he must have had a hot old time all alone in hell with the devil.

WM. STITT & CO.

Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers

Special Importations for Dinner and Evening Gowns.

Brocades and Duchess Satins

Embroidered Chiffons and all-over effects

Spangled Chenille and Sequin Net

GLOVES

SPECIAL—2 clasp Gloves, in all colors, \$1.00 and \$1.25.
2 clasp Derby Gloves, in all colors.
Evening Gloves in all the newest shadings and tints to match any costume.

LADIES' AND GENTS' LINED GLOVES

FANS A large assortment of EMPIRE FANS from which to make a selection.

Paris Kid Glove Store

Tel. 888 11 & 13 King Street East

PANTECHNETHICA

DINNER SETS for CHRISTMAS

This is something you do not buy every day. Be sure you are getting a good article or you will find it a constant annoyance. If you try to buy a set too cheap you will get SECONDS which means CULLS.

WE HAVE A
Magnificent Stock of First-Class Dinner Ware

116 YONGE ST.

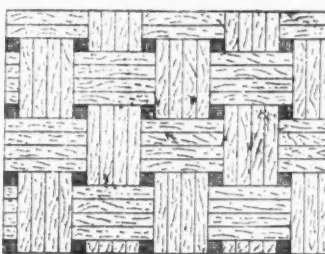
Young Men's

As Christmas gifts suitable for young men we would suggest:

GOLD FOB SEALS—Worn with the "dress suit" these are particularly stylish.
PEARL STUDS—Solitaire Pearl Studs are also quite "the vogue" for evening wear.
CUFF LINKS—Our stock includes everything that is nice.
TIE PINS—Some very neat ones for the "Ascot" tie.
MATCH SAFES
CARD CASES
CIGARETTE CASES
HAIR BRUSHES, &c., &c.

Ryrie Bros.
TORONTO

Cor. Yonge
and
Adelaide Sts.



IN connection with our parquet floors we sell all necessary preparations for laying and finishing them. Special wire nails, wood filler polishing wax, polishing brushes, restorer, etc.

We also sell Bretcher's Boston Polish to those who prefer it.

The ELLIOTT & SON CO.

LIMITED

40 King Street East, Toronto

Christmas Flowers

REMEMBER we guarantee their delivery in or out of town in perfect condition.

A GRACEFUL PALM or Dainty FERN are presents that are always appreciated.

WRITE for descriptive price list to

Dunlop's

5 King West or 445 Yonge Street

Fine Cutlery

CARVERS IN CASES
DESSERT AND FISH
KNIVES AND FORKS
CUTLERY CABINETS

Rice Lewis & Son

LIMITED

Cor. King and
Victoria Streets

TORONTO

Rogers' Art Furniture

People in search of something unique with which to surprise a friend at Christmas will find much to tempt them in our warerooms just now.

Among recent arrivals from our own and outside factories are a few specially handsome designs in choice Art Furniture. As, for example:

FLEMISH OAK ARM CHAIRS

(As per cut)—These are upholstered in printed velvet panels bordered with brass gimp, and are very handsome.

FANCY BRIC-A-BRAC CABINETS

In several designs, from our own factory. These are wonderfully good value. Prices range from \$14.00.

MAHOGANY INLAID TABLES

Several beautiful specimens in "Occasional" and "Five o'clock" styles.

MAHOGANY INLAID CHAIRS

Choice pieces with inlaid fronts and backs. Seats are covered in fine silk.

BRASS FIREPLACE FURNITURE

Including Andirons, Fenders, Fire Irons, etc., at all prices.

ALL BRASS BEDSTEADS

The design and finish of these superb specimens are beyond praise.

GILDED CHAIRS AND DIVANS

In great variety of patterns and at many prices ranging from \$5.00.

FANCY SECRETARIES

In Mahogany, Curly Birch and Golden Oak, from \$14.00.

Besides these are a great variety of Staple and Fancy Articles, such as Dressing Tables, Cheffoniers, Shaving Stands, Hall Mirrors, Fancy Rockers, etc., gathered together especially for this season's trade and offered at uniformly reasonable prices.

The CHARLES ROGERS & SONS CO.
LIMITED
97 YONGE STREET

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming

188 YONGE STREET



About

Pianos, Organs and Music Boxes

An Instrument is a necessity. It is no longer a luxury. You need one call on us. We have old instruments for over 25 years. You can have the benefit of our experience for nothing. All questions answered promptly and truthfully. Low prices, marked in plain figures—easy payments. Large stocks—best makes. Used Pianos at bargain prices—\$30 upwards. Used Organs at \$25 upwards. Stella Music Boxes, sweetest and best.

Favor us with a call, or correspond. You will receive courteous treatment.

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming

188 Yonge Street, Toronto



THE POORLY NOURISHED TREE is weak. It cannot withstand the storm; its limbs decay and break; its foliage is scant; its fruit is defective.

The owner of this tree wants something for nothing. He has taken its fruit and failed to return to the soil by fertilization the nourishment to resupply what the previous crop of fruit and foliage had taken.

WITH MAN as with the tree, Nature constructs and repairs waste incident to the wear and tear of life, with the material she finds at hand, and his strength and endurance is invariably determined by the character of the material used.

THE VITAL QUESTION, 11th Edition, not only guides the housewife to a selection of material that shall meet ALL the body's needs, but it gives the recipes for over 250 combinations of the same, and then shows by actual illustration in natural colors how these dishes should appear when rightly prepared. This edition also contains the "Our Navy Supplement," and other valuable matter which everyone should read.

It will be mailed free upon request, mentioning this paper. Address—

THE NEW ERA COOKING SCHOOL, Worcester, Mass.

MISS L. PLUMMER—MODISTE
2 College St. Tailor made and Evening Dresses a specialty. Terms moderate. Ladies own materials made up. Room 28.

AUTUMN MODES

MILLINERY AND DRESSMAKING

See the latest novelties in French Patterns Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, Wings, etc.

Mrs. A. Black, 57 King St. West

Confederation Life Assembly Hall

COR. YONGE AND RICHMOND STS.

IS HIGHLY ADAPTED FOR

At Homes, Banquets

Assemblies, Lectures

Rehearsals, Conventions, Etc.

The accommodation in connection with the above Hall is of the highest order, heated by steam and lighted by electricity, ventilated by Electric Fans; large Dining-room and Kitchen with range. Also retiring and dressing-rooms on the same floor.

For full particulars apply to

A. M. CAMPBELL, Confederation Building, 8 Richmond St. East.

Seats of Learning en Fete.

VICTORIA conversation on December 2 was, as usual, a well managed and much enjoyed reunion, and the magnificent building which graces the northeast corner of the Queen's Park was filled with a babel of talk, music, the sound of thousands of feet stepping demurely up and down the corridors; anon, hushed, while the excellent singing and other numbers of the concert were in progress, and then taking up the patter-patter as D'Alesandro began the promenade concert programme in the wide corridors. Merry-faced girls and student cavaliers investigated the domain of class-room and sanctum, trotted down for a cup of coffee and up again for the next partner at the chosen rendezvous. Visiting fair collegians lent greater interest to the affair. One knows just what a pleasant evening is spent each year at Victoria conversat., only this year the committee and the faculty were ambitious to make it the very best on record and they fully realized their aim. The Chancellor and Mrs. Burwash, a very fine array of lady patronesses and many others interested in the success of the affair kept up the good name Victoria has gained as a hospitable college. The decorations in the chapel, where the concert took place, were the contribution of Mrs. T. Eaton, a liberal patroness. The guests, one and all, declared the function most enjoyable.

Trinity College Athletic Association preceded Victoria on Thursday evening, Dec. 1, with their annual dance in Convocation Hall. There is always a concert, which is never very absorbing, for young folks are distracted with affairs of another sort during its progress. Dances are claimed and promised, programmes are filled, a general feeling of anticipation rules, and as soon as the last number is over chairs are stowed out of sight and the orchestra strikes up a waltz or a two-step. There was such a number of pretty girls at Trinity on Thursday night that one could be pardoned for being impatient to see them in the merry dance. Miss Gosling, all in black, with a touch of scarlet on the corsage, was very handsome; the Misses White, one in pale green with heliotrope ruchings, the other in canary mousseline edged with black on all its fairy frills, were two distinctly lovely girls; Miss Flaws of Rose avenue in a very pretty white gown with insertions of black lace was much admired, so was Miss Bertha Macdougall of Carlton Lodge; Miss Strange, in a most becoming black gown, looked very handsome, her sweet expression has a peculiar charm. Miss Perrin was in white over yellow silk with pink trimmings and gold necklace. Mrs. Rigby, as usual the esteemed chaperone of a bright group of St. Hilda's, was in dull green velvet with cream satin and lace. Mrs. Cameron and her sister, Miss Peckell, Miss Minnie Featherstonhaugh in black and silver; Miss Zoe Short in pink silk; Miss Lamport in pink muslin and silk; Miss Playter in black and red; Miss Addie Johnson in white muslin with blue ribbons; Miss Clara Tomlinson in black; Miss Mamie Rickham of Peterboro' in a black English gown, beautifully trimmed with sequins; Miss Josie Monahan in white, and Miss Daisy in yellow; Miss Ethelinda Hughes in a pretty frock; Miss Stammers in black with apple green velvet trimmings and a bertha of beaded lace; Mrs. Leigh in pale blue brocade with cream lace; Mrs. William Clark in black grenadine over silk; Miss Mason, Miss Flo Vivian in red veiled in black, and Miss Ireland in pale blue, were some of the ladies present. And the usual goodly number of young men were the most devoted of cavaliers. Professor and Mrs. Clark kept open house in the Professor's library, and a constant succession of guests tapped on the old brown door. Professor Huntingford's cosy quarters were also the rendezvous for many friends, who enjoyed a dainty supper. The Professor's intimates missed the awesome presence of the heretofore inevitable bulldoz. Orrie has recently followed Isaac to the happy hunting grounds, and the Professor has not yet found their successor. The dance of last week was a very jolly one, being particularly a young folks' and collegians' affair, as usual, and the final number on the dance programme found them very unwilling to go home.

Society at the Capital.

Miss Marie Moreton, the reported fiancée of the hero of the hour, Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, is the daughter of Hon. Richard Moreton and a niece of the present Earl of Ducie. In addition to being extremely handsome, Miss Moreton possesses considerable wealth left her by her grandfather. Her father is the Marshal of Ceremonies at the Court of St. James, and her mother is a Lady-in-Waiting to a personal friend of H. R. H. the Duchess of Albany. As a child Miss Moreton spent some time at Rideau Cottage here, her father being for two years Comptroller of the Household to the Marquis of Lorne. Hon. Mrs. Moreton, who is of Grecian birth, is remembered by many in Ottawa as a very handsome woman.

The smart world wended its way on Saturday afternoon to the Racquet Court, where Colonel and Mrs. Percy Lake gave a dance, intended as a farewell to their hosts of friends in Ottawa. Becomingly attired in gray silk with a smart hat to match, Mrs. Lake received the stream of constant arrivals in the ante-room. Assisting Mrs. Lake were her husband and Colonel and Mrs. Lake of Grenfell, N.W.T., who are in town to bid them

good-bye. Colonel and Mrs. Percy Lake sail on December 15 for India, where the former rejoins his regiment, the East Lancashire.

Mrs. Hutton left on Monday for Toronto, where she will spend the week with Mrs. Otter at Stanley Barracks. The General and his A.D.C., Capt. Bell, are at present enjoying a moose hunt in the wilds of New Brunswick.

Miss Haszard of Charlottetown, P.E.I., who has been the guest of the Secretary of State and Mrs. Scott for the past fortnight, left for home on Friday.

Hon. Mr. Dobell, Mrs. Dobell and Miss Muriel Dobell have arrived in town for the winter season. Mrs. Dobell and her handsome daughter are being warmly welcomed on all sides, as they are two of the most popular of recent acquisitions to Ottawa society.

Mrs. Gwynne has sent out cards for Wednesday evening, when at a dance she will introduce her granddaughter, Miss Rita Crombie, to society.

The Solicitor-General, Mrs. Fitzpatrick and Miss Agnes Davis left on Friday for Washington.

Miss Cotton of Prince Edward Island is among the many visitors in town at present. She is the guest of Miss Davies.

Mrs. Harry Fleming, one of Toronto's young matrons, is paying a lengthy visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Keefer of Rockcliffe.

Mr. Reginald Beckett, Mrs. Dobell's nephew, sails on Wednesday for England, where he will remain until the spring.

Mrs. Joseph Pope and Miss Mary Scott returned on Tuesday from Washington, where they have spent the past three weeks.

Miss Florence Randal, who so brightly edits the social column in the Ottawa Journal, contributes a very interesting article on Rideau Hall to the current number of the Canadian Magazine.

Mrs. Turner, wife of the United States Consul-General, has issued invitations for Thursday week, when she will give a large dance in the Russell House.

Wednesday last was a busy day for the rotaries of Vanity Fair. In the afternoon Mrs. Berkeley Powell was the hostess at a charming tea, and in the evening Kilminster Place, the home of Mr. Sheriff Sweetland, was the scene of a very jolly dance—the first one to be given this year. Miss Sparks, smartly gowned in gray satin, received her guests in the handsome drawing-room. The dining-room with its perfect floor of oak was used for dancing. Downstairs supper was served at small tables, daintily arranged and supplied with delicacies. Mr. Sheriff Sweetland led the way to supper with Lady Sybil Beaulerck, gowned in white satin, embellished with flounces of rich lace. A number of very pretty girls made their debut at this dance, among others: Miss Daisy Bell, Miss Elsie Ritchie, Miss Henry, Miss Gwen Grant and Miss Iline Cambie.

In the National Academy of Design in New York, which opens next week, there is to be on view an excellent painting of Lady Marjory Gordon by Funck, the same artist who painted the portraits of Lord and Lady Aberdeen which hang in the ball-room at Government House. She is represented as having just returned from riding and in one hand is a whip, while the other arm holds a miniature Skye terrier.

OTTAWA, Dec. 6, 1898.

Governess—Come, Ethel! It's time for good little girls to be in bed. Ethel—Yeth, Mith Morgan; but you know I have been naughty to-day.—The Jewelers' Weekly.



Fine Clothing for Gentlemen

Our Fine Ready-to-Wear Suits and Overcoats are conceded by experts to be the best on the market. There is every style and size represented in the assortment. We employ expert tailors and use only the best cloths and trimmings.

Overcoats made from the best imported German Beaver, quilted satin yoke and Italian or wool body lining, very best finish, equal to tailor-made garments at \$35.00, our price,	\$20	Men's Prince Albert Suits, made from superior English Venetian Worsted, best Italian trimmings and finish,	\$18
Genuine Irish Frieze (from the celebrated Athlone Mills) Ulsters, 36 oz. goods, special at	\$18	English Worsted or Serge Suits, in blue or black, all styles for tall, regular, or short stout shapes,	\$12

Alterations to perfect a fit made free of charge.

OAK HALL CLOTHIERS

115 to 121 King Street East, Toronto

Your Christmas Photographs

If you sit for your photographs with us on or before Saturday, 17th inst., we will deliver them to you before Christmas.

We will, however, esteem it a favor if you can arrange to come earlier.

Remember that we make every kind of a portrait that can be made in strictly high-class style at a moderate price.

Everyone admits that a specialist in medicine must excel in his particular field.

Every one of our fourteen employees, from the hair dresser to the finisher, is a specialist, having spent their lives learning their art.

FREDERICK LYONDE

101 King Street West

SAFFORD QUEEN OF RADIATORS

COMBINES IN CONSTRUCTION EVERY GOOD POINT • NO BOLTS • NO PACKING • THEY BEAUTIFY THE HOME AND ARE ESSENTIAL TO HEALTH AND COMFORT WHEN



WINTER COMES

THE DOMINION RADIATOR CO. LIMITED. TORONTO.

Social and Personal.

THE only large dance this week, the *bal poudree*, given by the ladies of the Board of the Ladies' Work Depository in aid of that institution, took place last Tuesday evening at the Pavilion. The picturesque effect of powdered hair on the appearance of our young people was almost universal. A few golden-haired beauties, who realized their best points and refused to be unbecomingly coiffed, taking nothing from the general effect. The lady patronesses, with earnest and energetic Mrs. Hodgins at their head, honored the occasion by their presence, and formed a reception committee on the dais to receive their most distinguished guests. The Government House party included Miss Mowat, Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Mowat, Miss Biggar, Miss Fraser, Captain Herbert Mowat and Commander Law. Miss Mowat wore a pink satin gown, and with a touch of color and a dash of powder in her fluffy hair, looked exceedingly well. Mr. Fred. Mowat's fine, dignified figure and clever face were distinctively dashing; she was in black, glistening with *paillettes* and lightened by a cluster of vivid cerise flowers on the corsage. Her coiffure was very becoming, a snowy wig, *a la Pompadour*. Miss Fraser wore a pale green satin, and her powdered hair suited her very well. A transformation was made in the case of Miss Biggar, the sweet young *debutante*, who looked *la petite Marquise* to perfection with her dainty blue satin brocade, rouge, powder and coquettish patches. Colonel and Mrs. Otter brought their guest, Mr. Hutton. Mr. Otter wore a very rich green satin, with violets, and her hair powdered, I fancy by old Father Time alone, as were those two very dignified and handsome patronesses, Mrs. Hardy and Mrs. Cosby. Mrs. Hodgins wore silver gray and black brocade, a trained robe, and was, as always, most anxious that everyone should enjoy the social function in which she takes so kindly an interest. Mrs. Hutton wore a white gown, with blue velvet trimmings, and had no end of admiring glances. Another stranger was Miss Ap. Jones of England, who wore a vivid blue silk gown with drapings of lovely old lace. Again another visitor was Miss Baby, also in blue silk, with the Frenchiest and prettiest bodice, opening over flimsy lace. Both at this dance and at Government House on Friday, Miss Baby was distinctly a belle. The Misses Buckle of New Orleans, two charming visitors with Mrs. Matthews in St. George street, and Miss Josette Prairie with Mrs. Magann, were most fetching and attractive in their powder and patches. Mrs. Frank Arouldi was one of the young matrons who chose black and proved how becoming is the dusky garb with a touch of color and powdered coiffure. Mrs. Hardy wore pink brocade, point lace and diamonds; Mrs. Sweeney wore a dainty white satin; Mrs. Nordheimer, that lovely toilette of cobwebby black lace over white satin which is the admiration of everyone; Mrs. Melfort Boulton wore a very handsome gown of yellow brocade; Mrs. Chadwick wore *eau de Nile* silk, with soft ruchings of white *mousseline*; Mrs. Gooderham of Waverley wore black and violet brocade and a pompadour coiffure which looked very well. That radiant young dame, Mrs. Willie Brouse, was most beautifully dressed—a charming *Scit* frock of Dresden silk, flounced with canary *mousseline* and lightly touched with turquoise velvet, set off her bright face and smart coiffure. Mrs. Brouse, sr., was quietly gowned in heliotrope and black; Miss Brouse was a dainty little *poudree* in pink; Mrs. J. Tolmie Craig, always fair to see, looked well in black, her pretty arms covered to the wrists in shirred *chiffon*. Another black-gowned lady who looked handsome was Mrs. James Scott, and another yet, whom everyone admired, was Mrs. Hume

Blake. A stunning toilette was that of Mrs. Somerville of Athelstone; in pale blue brocade, rare lace and jewels, and a very finely arranged coiffure, with sparkling eyes and graceful carriage, she was indeed a "married belle." Mrs. W. H. Cawthra wore a very smart rose silk gown, with bodice of white strapped with rose color; Mrs. J. K. Kerr was in white brocade, with gold embroidery; Mrs. Percy Galt wore yellow tinsel gauze over white silk; Mrs. Crease and Mrs. Macbeth wore black, each looking well and chaperoning their charming little daughters; Mrs. Gray-Smith, in pink satin, and her sister, Miss Chadwick, in green silk and *chiffon*; Mrs. Cox and Mrs. Leverich, in black; Miss Cox, in white striped grenadine over pink silk; Miss Leverich, in a canary-yellow frock; Mrs. George Hees, in rich black satin and lace; Miss Marion Wilkie, in pink satin and *poudree*; Mrs. W. C. Matthews, in yellow and black; Miss Matthews, in pink, very pretty in powder and patches; Mrs. Victor Cawthra, in turquoise *moire*, with her golden hair unpowdered; Mrs. Mitchell, in black and rose color; Miss Mitchell, a lovely *poudree*, in white and cerise; Mrs. Buchanan, in yellow brocade; Miss Zulu, a *riante* belle, in pink; Mrs. Kirkland, handsomely gowned in black, her *debutante*, Miss May, in satin and powder; Mrs. Barwick wore pale gray; Miss Small was very handsome in powder, which becomes her perfectly. Everyone admired Miss Georgie Crombie, who becomes her *poudree* to perfection. Mrs. G. Plunkett Magann wore pink brocade and touches of moss green. Her beautiful brown eyes and brunette complexion were never more attractive than with the snowy coiffure of Tuesday. "Who was the belle?" is a question taking a large answer. A visiting beauty, Miss Clara Wright of Port Huron, was to some connoisseurs deserving of the verdict. In bright rose silk, with artistic touches of black transparent frilling, her beautiful young face framed in a powdered pompadour, and happy smiles coming and going on lips and in eyes, she was indeed a beauty. The *debutantes* were also favorites, Miss Somerville, Miss Dwyer, the charming young people from Genedy, Miss Waldie, Miss Kirkland, with a leading star in Miss Bessie Bethune, who wore a white organdie, with insertions of fine lace, over a green silk frock. Her face recalled a portrait of one of the Court beauties made immortal by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Very arch and merry was Miss Birdie Warren, in a pale blue satin frock, and a pink rose in her hair; Miss Claire Geary was a graceful dancer in rose-pink *mousseline* over pink silk; Miss Edyth Jarvis wore pink satin, and *petite* Miss Lillian Lee was in green and black; Miss Erie Temple disputed with a brown-eyed beauty the claim of Toronto to the belledom. As each passed a group of admirers, the *debutante*, a picture of young loveliness, the dark eyed maid in a delicate frock of white embroidered *chiffon* over silk, cut in the very latest *chic*, and daintily trimmed with tiny *choux*, and love-knots of baby ribbon, the hoary-headed jury disagreed and were flouted. A handsome girl in pink was Miss Sullivan, granddaughter of Dr. Scadding of Trinity square, and dainty Miss Daisy Boulton looked well in a pink frock and powder. Mrs. W. D. Matthews wore a magnificent pink brocade. Miss Melvin Jones was in black, sparkling with *paillettes*. Miss Harman wore a green *mousseline*, with white ribbons. A pretty little lady in pale green *moire*, with a band of ermine heading the circular flounce, was much admired, and that charming Ottawa girl, Miss Powell, was besieged by partners when, sooth to say, partners were not so numerous as could have been desired. Mrs. Campbell Macdonald wore pale blue, and Mrs. W. D. Warren was in a yellow gauze over satin. Mrs. Allen Cassels was in white silk. Miss Cary wore blue veiled in rich black lace. Mrs. Hartley Dewart wore a very pretty white satin gown, and looked very well *poudree*. Miss Van Lennep of New York, who came with her sister, Mrs. W. D. Warren, wore a gown of gray satin. The music was extra good, and the floor not quite so slippery as at St. Andrew's, which was by some counted an advantage. Supper was served by Webb, and a light refreshment buffet was running all the evening. The first set of lancers was danced by: Miss Mowat, Mr. Frank Arnoldi; Mrs. Hardy, Colonel Otter; Mrs. Hutton, Colonel Sweeney; Mrs. Sweeney, Mr. Barwick; Mrs. Otter, Captain Law; Mrs. Cosby, Sheriff Mowat; Mrs. Mowat, Mr. W. H. Cawthra; Mrs. Nordheimer, Colonel Cosby. The partners in the second set were: Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. George C. Heward; Mrs. W. H. Cawthra, Mr. P. Manning; Mrs. Kirkland, Mr. W. H. Bunting; Mrs. Chadwick, Mr. W. Kingsmill; Mrs. Somerville, Mr. Minty; Mrs. Arnoldi, Mr. J. Moss; Mrs. Barwick, Mr. F. Drake; Mrs. Hume Blake, Mr. S. Small. The stewards were: Mr. W. H. Cawthra, Mr. Minty, Mr. F. Drake, Mr. A. H. Campbell, jr., Mr. J. Moss, Mr. P. Manning, Mr. G. Heward, Mr. W. Bunting, Mr. W. Kingsmill and Mr. S. Small.

That big, hospitable and exceedingly pleasant home in Wellesley place, where Mrs. Sloane received on Saturday, was

filled with a very jolly crowd of guests, who stayed to the last moment and enjoyed the afternoon immensely. Mrs. Sloane, in her quiet black gown and beautiful white lace, with her snowy hair under her widow's cap, is always the picture of motherly kindness, as well as a very handsome matron. Her sons and daughters have nothing to learn in the gentle art of hospitality, and are always a bright and happy group of young people. Naturally their friends are well looked after, and lack nothing towards enjoyment. Drawing room, great entrance hall and dining-room were filled with the merry crowd, who discussed the various social functions of the month, the vagaries of the weather and the good things which loaded a huge table crowned with mums.

Many visitors in town came with their hostesses to the various teas on Saturday, and were welcomed with sweet cordiality. I heard regretful words over the coming departure of Mrs. J. E. Thompson and Miss Amy as they passed through the crowd at Mrs. Sloane's tea. Mrs. Benjamin and her beautiful sister, Mrs. Frank Benjamin, were becomingly gowned, and everyone is glad to see the former able to be out again after her long illness. Space fails to enumerate the names of those whom one saw out on Saturday, sometimes meeting the same laughing faces over and over again in different drawing-rooms, as many of the guests were known to the several hostesses and dropped in on each in turn. This makes a busy afternoon, though I think the record breaker of several seasons past still holds the prize, that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon when seven hostesses held court, and one was in Rosedale and another at Stanley Barracks, with the remaining five scattered exasperatingly all over the magnificent distances of the Queen City!

The Ciel Club had a very pleasant social evening on Monday, when they met at Webb's. The leading musicians, and when they were happy Benedicts, their wives, were all present. Miss Ada Hart brought her sister-in-law-elect, Miss Harrison of Halifax. Mr. Frank Welsman was welcomed with his charming English bride of last summer. Miss Margaret Huston sang during the evening; she wore a white silk evening gown. A Gerhard Heintzman grand piano of exquisite tone was used by the performers and accompanists for this musical.

The Yacht Club Ball is easily the greatest society event of this season. Lord Minto is coming. Lady Minto will also be here, a brilliant party from Ottawa will come in the Vice-Regal train, and the ball will be going to be worthy of the company. Listen till I tell you about it. The Pavilion, which has recently blossomed out into such many-tinted effulgence, will be a bower of pink and green. Christmas wreaths, Grecian pillars, window garden boxes, royal boxes, Christmas boxes, pink satin ribbons, true lovers' knots, pink roses in wreaths of green, the Elliott tartan draped over the Minto crest and monogram, the Minto motto—*Non egea arca*, or that second one, *Sauvete et fortiter*, which is the way Paddy likes his potatoen—"sweet and strong"—the entwined M's and all the quaint and curious and beautiful fancies which the artistic brain of that master of decorative effect, Mr. Richard Seaver, can evolve and realize, will combine to enchant us when we enter fairyland. Those gallant fellows, the Grenadiers, got up steam and away, but being true sport-men and gentlemen, and knowing that sailing craft have always the right of way, they slowed down or up, whichever it may be, and left the course clear for the yacht-men. And such courtesy won't be lightly forgotten. When we enter the Pavilion next Thursday we shall see the dais a bright vision; pink and white columns, not the old de-lin of the banquet of last month, but quite different; around the white facade of the galleries, boxes will bulge out in al-fermantic fashion, and jardiniere of palms will fill them; wreaths and draperies of pink below, ribbons and roses fastening the Christmas festoons, and above, Oriental lambrequins of rich cord and tassels. The ceiling will be white, displaying the R. C. Y. C. shield and flag, on either side of a great electric roller shrouded in rose-pink. The four corner electric lights, which were not ready for the banquet, are waiting to shine forth on the Yacht Club's guests. Surely it will be the apotheosis of decoration and worthy of the happy occasion—Toronto's social welcome to His Excellency and his charming Countess.

Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston has sent our cards for a tea on December 17. Mrs. George A. Cox will also be at home on that day. Mrs. and Miss Worts of College street are going to Europe. Dr. and Mrs. Montzambert entertained at dinner on Wednesday.

Every Macphairson may have had a boat of his ain, as the clan tell, when claiming independence of Noah and the Ark, but every junior four in the Argonauts hasn't, or at least, the boats they have keep them from winning races which they undoubtedly would in other circumstances, or rather in other boats. To buy a new boat for the junior four is a project on the tapis this winter, and I am told that it is proposed to give an entertainment for that purpose next month in St. George's Hall, the evening to be made enjoyable by a short play under the direction of clever Mrs. Grayson Smith, with a dance to follow. As soon as the management decide on the play I shall have more to tell about this matter.

Sr. James and Lady Edgar are visiting friends in New York. The Misses Dawson have arrived home from a long visit in England. Mrs. Wyld gives a tea next Monday afternoon at Dunedin. Mr. Hamilton Merritt has gone to Germany to join his wife and her mother, Mrs. Simpson, who have been sojourning a long while in Wiesbaden. Mrs. Jones has returned from Minneapolis, and is at the Queen's. Captain and Mrs. Forester have taken rooms at the new pension opened

BELL

What BELL.....PIANOS

Fitted with the Wonderful Orchestral Attachment will do:

"Bell" Pianos are built to wear longer and please better than any other.
"Bell" Pianos are warranted TEN YEARS—the best of others for only FIVE.
"Bell" Piano attachment double piano's life and do away with monotonous tones.
"Bell" Pianos enable you to imitate the Harp.
"Bell" Pianos produce the tones of the Zither.
"Bell" Pianos give you the tone, at will, of Mozart's old Spinnet.
"Bell" Pianos enable you to practice without annoyance to others.
"Bell" Pianos produce the tones and effects of Handel's Harpsichord.
"Bell" Pianos stimulate the efforts of learners by their great VARIETY OF TONES.
"Bell" Pianos enable you to interpret the works of Bach as written for the Clavichord.
"Bell" Pianos give you, if wanted, the tones and effect of the old Dalmer.
"Bell" Pianos imitate the Mandolin to perfection.
"Bell" Pianos render the tones of the Guitar at will.
"Bell" Pianos give you Banjo tones for jigs and dance music.
"Bell" Pianos produce the tones of the Auto-harp for you.

"Bell" Pianos please Aud Scott's Sons by imitating the bagpipes.
"Bell" Pianos render martial airs in imitation of Fife and Drum Corps.
"Bell" Pianos imitate the tones of the Bugle, near or far away.
"Bell" Pianos enable the player to perfectly imitate a Chime of Bells.
"Bell" Pianos imitate correctly the Music Box.
"Bell" Pianos give you the tones of the Aeolian Harp.
"Bell" Pianos produce the tones of a Muted Cornet.
"Bell" Pianos enable the player to get hundreds of shades of tone-color.
"Bell" Pianos give hundreds of effects and tones impossible in any other.
"Bell" Pianos have ball-bearing casters, hence are very easy to move.
"Bell" Pianos have patented double spring pedals, so made that they never squeak or break.
"Bell" Pianos have genuine hand-carved ornamentations.
"Bell" Pianos are made, guaranteed and built to last a lifetime by the largest makers of pianos in Canada.

The presence of the orchestral attachment is in no sense detrimental to the piano but is a valuable addition, as with its use the life of the instrument is prolonged. The piano can be used with or without the attachment as desired. Send for Catalogue to

BELL PIANO WAREROOMS

TORONTO 70 King Street West. HAMILTON 44 James Street North. LONDON 167 Dundas Street. 48 Holborn Viaduct LONDON, E.C.
SYDNEY, N.S.W. AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND. GUELPH, ONT.
FACTORIES, The Largest in Canada.

PIANOS

recently in that spacious house formerly tenanted by the Misses Dupont at the corner of John street and Grange avenue. Mr. Woodburn Osborne has returned to his regiment at Aldershot. Mr. Harold Bickford will also return shortly to England. Mr. and Mrs. Hartley Dewart returned last week from their Western tour. Mr. William Mackenzie returned home this week, having left his three daughters, Miss Mackenzie and Misses Bertha and Ethel, in Italy for the winter.

Among Trinity's bright guests last week were Mrs. Lee's party, Miss Mae Foster, tall and fair, in a pretty pale blue organdie, with touches of rose pink; Miss Ethel Hughes, a dainty bud, in pure white *mousseline de soie*; piquant Miss Edna Smith in white tulle, and Miss Frances Gibson of Beamsville in pink brocade.

Mrs. Agnes Knox Black gave an evening of readings in the Royal Opera House, Guelph, recently, and was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Tytler while there. Mrs. Macfature of Huron street was also the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Tytler of Guelph.

Lovers of oratorio are looking forward with much pleasure to the forthcoming performance of Handel's Messiah on Thursday evening next. Mile. Trebelli, the soprano, on this occasion will be heard in oratorio for the first time in Toronto. Many will attend the Messiah in the early part of the evening, and later do honor to the new Governor General and Lady Minto at the Pavilion, in honor of whose visit Costa's fine setting of God Save the Queen will be sung prior to the oratorio.

Mr. W. H. Bowly, Q.C., of Berlin, was given a farewell banquet by the Berlin Club on Monday evening on the eve of his departure accompanied by Mrs. Bowly, for a six months' tour of Palestine, Egypt and Italy. The banquet was an unusually successful one. Mr. W. H. Riddell, president of the club, occupied the head of the table, with the guest of the evening and Mayor Rumpel on his right, and Mr. Jos. E. Seagram, M.P., and Dr. D. S. Bowly on his left, while His Honor Judge Chisholm occupied the vice chair, with Dr. G. H. Lackner, M.P.P., and Mr. A. Millar, Q.C., on his right, and Mr. Geo. Moore and Mr. G. H. C. Lang on his left. Mr. Riddell made a very appropriate and eloquent speech in proposing the toast to the guest of the evening, and in responding Mr. Bowly concluded by saying that on his return he would be pleased to have them all partake of a dinner with him, as his guests. Mr. and Mrs. Bowly sailed this week from New York.

A very pleasant evening was spent by twenty-four of the officers, committee-men and ex-commanders of the Toronto Canoe Club at Webb's on Wednesday evening. The occasion was a dinner tendered by the retiring commodore, Mr. C. H. Wilson, and by a happy coincidence the date was the eighteenth anniversary of the formation of the Club. All of the ex-commanders but three since the Club's inception were present, and all, both new members and "has-beens," appeared to thoroughly enjoy themselves. Short speeches were made by the commodore, officers and ex-commanders, interspersed with songs, musical numbers and recitations.

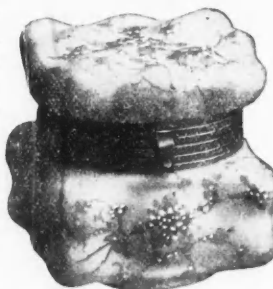
'Phone 8110

The Bazaar COMPANY—TORONTO

146

Yonge Street

Special Christmas Sale OPAL WARE



What So "Gifty"?

As a piece of this dainty opal ware. Hand-painted and beautifully decorated, satin-lined, gold-plated trimmings, and possessing the great advantage of being as pretty in 10 years' time as now, but the most forcible point is the PRICE which on account of special arrangement made with manufacturers we were able to buy cheaper than any house in Canada, and our patrons reap the benefit.

FERN POTS • • • •
WHISK HOLDERS • •
JEWEL CASES • • •
COLLAR and CUFF BOXES
PHOTO HOLDERS • •
VASES • • • • •
SMOKING SETS • • •
PAPER WEIGHTS • •
BILL FILES • • • •
CANDLE HOLDERS • •
CARD RECEIVERS • •



OUR STAFF FOR 1898-99

Central Business College

...AND SCHOOL OF...

SHORTHAND, TYPEWRITING AND TELEGRAPHY

Employs capable and efficient teachers. That's why it is now leading all competitors in its attendance and in the character of its work. Write for particulars. Members admitted at any time. Winter term begins January 2nd.

Address—W. H. SHAW, Principal, Yonge and Gerrard Streets, TORONTO

Cluster Rings



Require not only expert knowledge in the selection of the precious stones, but they must be set in new and superb designs by expert setters. We have the knowledge, and in our factory the experienced setters.

See our stock; in it you will find a ring TRADE MARK suitable for a...

CHRISTMAS GIFT

Ambrose Kent & Sons MANUFACTURING JEWELERS

156 Yonge St. - TORONTO

Latest News From

Devil's Island.

The Special Envoy of the Paris Marin, in his detailed report, (Oct. 28th 1898), of his visit to ex-Captain Dreyfus, gives the list of "Little Wants," which the prisoner sends in monthly to civilization, among which was a request for

2 bottles Hunyadi János

Natural Aperient Water.

This proves that, although cut off from civilization for 4 years, the ex-Captain still remembered the name of

The Best Natural Laxative Water.



We are clearing out this season's stock of Ladies' and Misses' Coats and Jackets.

The reduced figures stand as follows:

\$3.25, 3.75, 4.50, 5.50, 7.00, 8.00, 10.50, 12.50, 15, 17.50, 20, 25.

The opportunity is a splendid one to secure a useful Christmas Gift. No old styles shown.

Prices to suit all purses. Styles to suit all tastes. Sizes to suit all figures.

John Catto & Son
King Street
Opposite the Post Office.
Toronto



HER MAJESTY THE COOK!

Knows just how much better food tastes cooked in Kemp's pure

GRANITE or DIAMOND

Enamelware. Every piece bearing these labels is strictly guaranteed—and you'll find them just as cheap, easier to clean, and longer-lasting than others.

Better ask for them, hadn't you?

Kemp Mfg. Co., Toronto

For a Christmas Box

Nothing is more acceptable than a nice Palm or a pretty plant in full bloom.

Tidy the Florist

75 King Street West, Toronto

has an exceptionally fine stock at reasonable prices in his large conservatory attached to his store. Plants and cut flowers can be safely shipped to any part of the Dominion. Orders by wire or mail will receive careful and prompt attention.

GEO. W. COOLEY

Cooking Brandies
Sherries and
Ports. . .

567 YONGE STREET
TELEPHONE 3089

BETTER THAN EVER

Without doubt the finest and most completely fitted Turkish Baths in Canada can now be found at

301 King St. West. Mr. Cook's ambition to surpass anything on this continent will no doubt be appreciated by the Toronto and out of town patrons who frequent this establishment. Mr. Cook has added to his Turkish Baths the most improved methods in the Russian and Vapor baths. These no doubt will be very popular, being run on the same charges as before, viz., Day, 75c; Evening, between 6 and 10 p.m., 50c. Night baths, \$1.00, which includes sleeping compartment.

By appointment caterers to His Excellency the Governor-General.

"Satisfaction Guaranteed"

is expressed or implied in all catering contracts with Webb's. Ladies who entertain will find us always ready to give information, and if favored with an order to do everything in our power to make their guests go away delighted with their hospitality.

The HARRY WEBB CO.
LIMITED
477 Yonge Street, Toronto

Social and Personal.

CONCERNING the four teas which claimed the late afternoon hours last Saturday, the palm for smartness would go in just as many different directions.

Comparisons are involuntarily made as one passes from house to house, and she is the wise woman who makes them inaudibly. Certainly there was no prettier home than the crowded one in St. George street, where a quartette of hostesses received, Mrs. Hees, mistress of the house, her married daughter, Mrs. Stephen Haas, her daughter-in-law from Detroit, Mrs. Will Hees (nee Read), and that most winsome little lady, Miss Bessie Hees, who is never so charming as when doing the honors in her own home. These ladies received in the east drawing-room, and the triple rooms, opening easily into one another, were soon filled with guests. Flowers were everywhere, the climax of beauty being a monstrous basket of Meteor roses, with broad crimson ribbons, which centered the buffet in the dining-room. Mrs. Hees wore black, richly trimmed with white lace, and carried a large bouquet of pink roses. Mrs. Haas was very becomingly gowned in a Louis coat of pale blue brocade and silk skirt. Mrs. Hees, jr., wore a transparent black gown over pale blue, and Miss Bessie wore a dove-gray skirt and bodice of white lace over white silk, in which she was a picture. A party of her young friends, Miss Wallbridge, Miss Dwight, Miss Mabel Lee, Miss Adelaide Wadsworth and Miss Melvin-Jones, were in charge of the refreshment table, which was admirably served by McConkey. The Italians played in the entrance hall, in a small recess screened with palms. The company was noticeably smart; everyone remarked the many handsome women and stunning gowns. As for the sterner sex, they seemed to have turned out in unusual force, which, say what you may, is a sure confirmation of the success of a tea. The absence of Mr. Harry and Mr. Ralph Hees was much regretted, spite of the numbers to take their places.

Last Saturday was society's busy day, as four large teas were on the tapis, and for various reasons, each quite unanswerable, madam and mademoiselle found themselves under the necessity of managing to put in an appearance at each one in turn. To a certain bright and beautiful bvy the Alpha Delta Phi house in Murray street with its hosts and chaperones was the Mecca par excellence, and a right royal time was enjoyed in its spacious parlors. Mrs. Arthur Ross and Mrs. James Thorburn, jr. received for the young men, who were the very nicest hosts possible. The tea-table, prettily decorated in carnations and roses, white and pink, and spread with dainty fare, was set in the east parlor and administered by a crowd of trained waitresses in crowded precincts. Mr. Tom Archibald and Mr. Chaplin, whose cards of invitation had adorned the mirror frame of many a belle during the past week, were demurely dignified as hosts, and Messrs. Meredith, Geary, Ross, Mackenzie, Robinson and many another fine young chap, assisted them. Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Thorburn were chaperones of whom sons and cousins are justly proud. They welcomed the pretty girls with laughing cordiality and bid them adieu at the latest possible moment with regret. To give a list of the young people would be to mention almost all the pretty debutantes and girls of more than one season in Toronto. Everyone firmly asserts that the Alpha Delta Phi teas are the very jolliest of the year.

Just a few blocks further west Mrs. Morang, the lovely young mistress of The Elms, Beverley street, was the hostess of a very pretty tea, which was attended by many ladies and their dutiful hobbies, not to mention sons and daughters by the dozen. Mrs. Morang must have missed the gracious presence of her handsome mother and her bright artistic sisters at this reception. Everyone said as much, recalling many occasions when the hospitalities of Atherton had been dispensed by these nice women, who are now wintering in the South. Miss Heaven of Oakville, she of the tennis fame, was a sweet and pleasant assistant to her cousin, Mrs. Morang. And the buffet, which was a magnificent polished mahogany table, lighted with handsome silver candelabra, and set with Mexican embroidered centerpiece and doyleys, and an exquisite basket of pink roses and carnations, was attended by a group of pretty girls. Mrs. Morang's home is delightfully arranged, and the rooms, instead of being crowded with incongruous bric-a-brac, are artistically adorned with a few rare and valuable articles—a fit environment for one of our most beautiful women. Many prominent and smart persons were at this tea, and many regrets were uttered that other engagements drew some away too soon. A few of those noticed during the earlier part of the afternoon were: Mrs. Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. G. Plunkett Magann, Mr. and Mrs. Brock, Mrs. B. E. Walker, Miss Walker, Mrs. Hagarty, the Misses Hagarty, Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Mrs. Clarkson, Miss Nina Clarkson, Dr. and Mrs. Graham, Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. and Miss Somerville, Rev. Septimus and Mrs. Jones, Miss Taylor, Miss Jones, Mrs. Manning (a cousin of the hostess) and Miss Lelan Heaven dispensed the goodies of the tea-table. Miss Buck was indisposed and unable to take her place with the waitresses as expected.

A pretty ex-Torontonian, who has returned to town and who looked very sweet at Government House on Friday night, is Mrs. George Hodgins of Elmley place. By the way, we welcome with one hand and bid farewell with the other. Mr. Harry Gault is being bidden adieu with much regret. He leaves for a Christmas with his people before going to the West coast.

The engagement is announced of Miss Amy Martin, daughter of Mr. Edward Martin, Q.C., Ballynahinch, Hamilton,

Ont., to Mr. Philip DuMoulin, of the Bank of Montreal, New Denver, B.C., and second son of the Lord Bishop of Niagara.

Miss Edith Gordon left the city last Saturday to spend the winter with her aunt, Mrs. R. W. Woodroffe, Woodstock.

On Wednesday evening, Nov. 23, Rev. William Patterson of Cooke's church performed the ceremony which united in marriage Mr. William Tafts McPetridge of Detroit, and Miss Belle Jackson of this city. The wedding was held at the home of the bride's parents, 60 Bismarck avenue, and was a very quiet one, only the family and most intimate friends being present. The happy couple started for Detroit, where they will make their home, with the best wishes and congratulations of a host of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. McWilliams have removed from Madison avenue to 264 St. George street. Mrs. and Miss McWilliams receive on Fridays.

Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Solicitor-General of Canada, Mrs. and Miss Fitzpatrick, entertained the following gentlemen at dinner at their residence on "The Cape," Quebec, on Sunday last: Hon. Premier Marchand, Dr. W. H. Drummond, author of The Habitant; Dr. Louis Frechette, P.R.S.; Hon. Mr. Duffy, M.L.A.; Mr. George M. Fairchild, jr.; Mr. William Wainwright of the G.T.R.; Mr. Langdon of New York, Dr. Coote, Mr. Byron Nicholson, Mr. William Power and Mr. W. H. White. Several of the guests were from Montreal, and came to Quebec by private car on the Grand Trunk.

The fourth wedding in one family in less than four years took place in Holy Trinity church, Winnipeg, on Monday, November 21, when Miss Sophia G. Mason, (Birdie) daughter of Mr. Geo. J. Mason, 109 College street, and niece of the late Chief Justice Harrison, was married to Mr. Fred J. Basken of Hillsdale, Kinbrae, Assa. N.W.T., son of Mr. Fred Basken of Ottawa and brother of Dr. Basken of Mille Roches, Ont. Venerable Archdeacon Fortin was the officiating minister. Only a few intimate friends of the contracting parties were present, as the wedding was a quiet one. The bride looked charming in a travelling gown of fawn cheviot with cream satin and tulle veil, and green velvet hat trimmed with cream satin and ospreys. She carried a beautiful shower bouquet of bride roses, chrysanthemums and maiden-hair fern. Miss Gertrude Jeffries, the bridesmaid, wore a most becoming costume of cream organdie over blue silk with picture hat to match, and carried a bouquet of bridesmaid roses, chrysanthemums and maiden-hair fern. The groomsmen were Mr. Robert Henderson of the Canada Permanent Loan Co., Winnipeg. Appropriate music was very effectively rendered by Mr. Robert Fletcher, the talented organist of Holy Trinity. After the ceremony the party drove to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander MacGillis in Edmonton street, where a *recherche* breakfast was served. The bride was the recipient of a great many beautiful presents from Toronto, New York, Winnipeg and other places. Mr. and Mrs. Basken left by the morning train amidst many good wishes and showers of rice for their future home in the West.

There is one weekly social event which has so far passed without notice, i.e., the meeting of the German Club, organized and directed by Fraulein Holtermann. There are about twenty-five members, all of whom have studied in Fraulein Holtermann's classes. Last Saturday the subject for the evening was Flowers, and many quaint old legends about our beautiful blossoms were told by the members. Goethe's poem, The Violet, was also given, followed by a beautiful English rendering by Mrs. Hincks, a former student in Fraulein Holtermann's classes. Fraulein Holtermann gave a fable, one of her own writings, called The Flower of Peace. Mrs. Hamilton charmed everyone with her beautiful rendering of two lovely German songs. Next Saturday the subject will be Music—stories and histories of musicians and musical instruments, musical quotations, Wagner and his operas. The members of the club, all of whom take part in the above programme, have studied in Fraulein Holtermann's classes only five weeks. Fraulein Holtermann begins a new primary class and a new advanced class on Monday next. Anyone may attend the classes two days free of charge and if dissatisfied discontinue attendance. For particulars apply 158 Gerrard street east, or telephone 1488.

This week's hostesses have included Mrs. Kingston, who gave a tea on Tuesday; Mrs. Clarkson Jones, who was at Home at Morley House on Wednesday; Mrs. Otter, who gave a cosy little tea for her guest, Mrs. Hutton, on Tuesday; Miss Toinette Plumb, who gave a young ladies' luncheon on Monday; Mrs. Powell of College street, who gave two teas, Tuesday and Wednesday, to introduce her daughter; Mrs. Goode, who gave a dance on the West side on Wednesday; Mrs. Beal of Murray street, who gave a musicale on Tuesday; Mrs. George Dickson, who received on Friday evening, and Mrs. Rowand, whose two afternoon teas yesterday and to-day were much looked forward to.

Mrs. Henri Suydam of 138 St. George street will be at Home next Wednesday afternoon.

Being Photographed.

From Society Col. in Sunday World. All the pretty women in town—brides, the season's belles and smart matrons—have been having themselves photographed during the last month. Lynde has been taking them all, and a half-hour spent in his studio, admiring the *fac similes* of our beautiful Canadian women, whose heads have been turned and posed by his long, slender fingers, is a rare

In the modern "Love Chase"

Nasmith's CHOCOLATE BON-BONS play an important part

"Name on Every Piece"

Will mail on receipt of price 1 lb. box, 60c.; 2 lb. box, \$1.20; 3 lb. box, \$1.80; 5 lb., \$3.00

THE NASMITH CO., LIMITED

51 King Street East - 53 King Street West - TORONTO

Fownes' High Class Gloves

DURABILITY and RELIABILITY

Members of the Royal families demand Fownes' celebrated high class Kid Gloves.

This is a Guarantee of Their Worth

Two of their best lines are sold in Canada—the DAGMAR and PREMIER. Perfect shades, perfect fitting, perfect satisfaction.

RELIABLE DEALERS SELL THEM

delight these dreary days. Among the brides, as each girlish face, symbolic of youth and happiness, smiles out at one, I particularly admired the very fine photos of young Mrs. Ross-Gooderham and Mrs. Willie Lee. The filmy tulle veils crowning the little dark heads, the folds in the snowy satin robes, are arranged with the artistic touch of a master hand. There is a superb picture, beautifully colored, of that darling little Winnipeg matron, Mrs. Hugh John Macdonald; a very stunning one of the young chateleine of Llawhaden, Miss Melvin-Jones, taken in winter garb; one of Miss Stewart, Col. Otter's handsome niece, photographed in the swell frock in which she recently figured as one of the belles at Mrs. Somerville's ball. Mrs. Frederick Cox is taken in the beautiful gown which aroused so much admiration at St. Andrew's ball. Dr. Oronhyatekha, the Supreme Chief Ranger of the Foresters, beams on one with calm, classic countenance, and there are some splendid poses of Mr. L. L. Hall, the young actor at the Toronto Opera House last week, who has raved over as the handsomest man ever seen in town. All the different tints in carbon work claim particular attention. I see that not only the stylish women, but all the well known men about are extending Lynde their liberal patronage.

How Beautiful!

The ladies exclaim when they see our display of

Xmas Novelties and Perfumes

NEW GOODS arriving daily—direct from Paris and London.

Houbigant, Roger & Gallet, Pinaud, Le Grande, Lubin, Atkinson, Piver, Grossmith

are a few of the leading makers. You must see these goods to appreciate them.

No trouble to show goods.

HOOPER & CO.

'Phone 536. 43 and 45 King St. West
Get Your Medicines at Hooper's

"No, Willie, dear," said mamma, "no more cake to-night. Don't you know you can't sleep well on a full stomach?" "Well," replied Willie, "I can sleep on my back."—Philadelphia Press.

Something Special

In Sealskin=\$150

Now, there are so many distinctions in Seal qualities that you want to know, first of all, that this "special" is not only "special" in design, in workmanship—in everything which shall contribute to perfect comfort and pleasure in wear—but that it is particularly "special" in quality. The choicest grade of Alaska Sealskin—dense, even, full, rich fur, and London cured and dyed, has been selected for these garments. In our illustrated Fur Pattern book the style is shown in Model No. 5. The design is known as the

Ladies' "Sans Gene" Jacket

Correctly designed and properly fitted, this is one of the dressiest and most fashionable Seal Jacket styles in vogue this season. We guarantee the highest Seal quality, perfect workmanship and a faultless fit. Made entirely of the choicest Alaska Sealskin—22 inches long, 15 1/2; 26 inches long, \$175; 30 inches long, \$200. Send for our Fur Pattern Book, free.

W. & D. DINEEN, 140 Yonge St. CORNER TEMPERANCE TORONTO

White, Tender

You may pay your grocer the same price for Macaroni as if he gave you a package stamped "P. Codou." And then perhaps you complain that it's tough!

Macaroni that bears the name "P. Codou" on the package is very white and very tender. It is made from genuine Russian wheat—that makes it "white and tender"

Codou's Macaroni

BEST GROCERS SELL IT.

AT DOREN WEND'S Great XMAS SALE

What To Buy and Present to Your Friends in Hair Goods

Switches, Bangs or Wavy Fronts make suitable presents for your wife, daughter, mother or aunt.

A nice Toupee for your husband, brother or father if he be BALD makes an acceptable gift. Bring us the shade by cutting a snail sample of their hair. All goods so purchased will be exchanged after Xmas if not found satisfactory.

PRESENTS in Hair Brushes and Mirrors, Dressing Cases, Manicure Sets, Hair Ornaments in Side Combs, Back Combs, plain and ornamented, in Real Tortoiseshell, Silver, Gold, Jet, etc. HOLIDAY PERFUMERY sold singly or in Fancy Cases.

Call on us and you will find just what you want.

THE DOREN WEND CO. OF TORONTO LIMITED
103-105 YONGE STREET



For a long and graceful waist without tight-lacing...

WEAR THE "CONTOUR"

MANUFACTURED BY

The CROMPTON CORSET CO., Limited

Woman's Detestation...

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, also Moles, Birthmarks, Wens, etc., removed permanently and satisfactorily by Electrolysis. SKIN and SCALP diseases always cured. Best Manicuring and Chirophy in city. Send for new book "Health and Good Looks."

Graham Dermatological Institute
41 CARLTON ST., TORONTO Tel. 1858

IDEAL LUNCHEONS

The pretty bride-elect comes in for many forms of entertaining, and the bridesmaids' luncheon is one of the most popular.

It should be as pretty as possible, combining many sentimental touches, for what is a bridesmaids' luncheon without sentiment?

For the latest ideas in catering consult

GEO. S. McCONKEY,
27 and 29 King St. West

Cordially invites you to visit his premises

JAY The Florist

where he has one of the finest floral conservatories in Canada

We cordially invite you to visit and see our splendid stock of Palms, Ferns and Flowering Plants.

Choice Assortment of

CALENDARS
XMAS CARDS
BOOKLETS
GIFT BOOKS

MISS E. PORTER
Ladies' Work Depository 47 King West

Most Acceptable and Appreciable...

XMAS PRESENTS

Genuine French, English and American delicacies. Perfumes, in Fancy Bottles and Boxes, from 30c. to \$10.00.

Hand Painted Sachets from 25c. to \$5.00. Real Ivory and Ebony Ladies' and Gents' Hair Brushes, Gents' Military Brushes in leather cases, from \$2.50 to \$5.00. Ebony and Rosewood Plate Glass Hand Mirrors, from \$1.00 to \$10.00. Traveling Outfits in leather cases, from \$2.00 to \$5.00.

Atomizers from \$1.25 to \$10.00. Ebony and Bone Manicure Sets. Fancy Bottles filled with Eau de Cologne, Violet Water, Lavender, Sweet Clover, etc., from \$1.00 to \$5.00.

Hair Ornaments—We have the largest and prettiest assortment of real Steel, real Amber, real Jet, real Brilliants, real Tortoiseshell Pins and Combs, from \$1.00 to \$15.00. Such presents as Hair Ornaments not only are always most welcome to a lady of refinement, but also indicate good taste on the part of the donor.

Come early and have your choice. A fine Hair Switch or other Hair Goods very often are a most welcome present to a relative or a friend. We have a large and choice stock in every line.

J. TRANGLE-ARMAND & CO.
441 Yonge and 1 Carlton Street, Toronto

HAIR DRESSING For Balls, Theater, Weddings, Etc.

If you wish your hair dressed artistically and becoming you had better go to Pembers', 127 and 129, or to our branch store, 778 Yonge St. We guarantee satisfaction.

At present nearly every lady wears a switch. We have them at \$1.50, \$2.50, \$3.50 and up. Wigs from \$12 to \$30. Short curly wigs from \$10 to \$20. Waves from \$2.50 to \$15.00. Natural wavy switches can be tied in artistic head-dresses in one minute and pinned on, and are as light as a feather.

Turkish Baths in Connection
W. T. PEMBER
Telephones—2275 127 and 129 Yonge Street
3553 Branch—778 Yonge St.
TORONTO

Chafing Dishes

Some of the latest designs from the best makers.

Brass Kettles

An assortment of new patterns.

WILLIAM JUNIOR
39 King St. West - Toronto

The Funny Side of Christmas

By JEROME K. JEROME.



HE bus moved on, and I was about to cross the road when a man, muttering savagely to himself, walked into me. He would have swept past me had I not, recognizing him, arrested him. It was my friend B—, a busy editor of magazines and journals. It was some seconds before he appeared able to struggle out of his abstraction and remember himself. "It is this confounded Christmas business," he explained. "It drives me out of my head."

"I have heard Christmas advanced as an excuse for many things," I replied, but not early in September.

"Oh, you know what I mean," he answered; "we are in the middle of our Christmas number. I am working day and night upon it. By the bye," he added, "that puts me in mind. I am arranging a symposium and I want you to join. 'Should Christmas—'" I interrupted him.

"My dear fellow," I said, "I commenced my journalistic career when I was eighteen, and I have continued it at intervals ever since. I have written about Christmas from the sentimental point of view; I have analyzed it from the philosophical point of view, and I have scarified it from the sarcastic standpoint. I have treated Christmas humorously for the Comies, and sympathetically for the provincial weeklies. I have said all that is worth saying on the subject of Christmas—maybe a trifle more. I have told the new-fashioned Christmas story—you know the sort of thing; your heroine tries to understand herself, and, failing, runs off with the man who began as the hero; your good woman turns out to be really bad when one comes to know her; while the villain, the only decent person in the story, dies with an enigmatic sentence on his lips that looks as if it meant something, but which you yourself would be sorry to have to explain. I have also written the old-fashioned Christmas story—you know that also; you begin with a good old-fashioned snowstorm; you have a good old-fashioned squire, and he lives in a good old-fashioned hall; you work in a good old-fashioned murder; and end up with a good old-fashioned Christmas dinner. I have gathered Christmas guests together round the crackling logs to tell ghost stories to each other on Christmas eve, while without the wind howled, as it always does on these occasions, as its proper cue. I have sent children to heaven on Christmas Eve—it must be quite a busy time for St. Peter, Christmas morning, so many good children die on Christmas Eve. It has always been a popular night with them. I have revived dead lovers and brought them back well and jolly, just in time to sit down to the Christmas dinner. I am not ashamed of having done these things. At the time I thought them good. I once loved currant wine and girls with tousled hair. One's views change as one grows older. I have discussed Christmas as a religious festival. I have arraigned it as a social incubus. If there be any joke connected with Christmas that I have not already made I should be glad to hear it. I have trotted out the indigestion jokes till the sight of one of them gives me indigestion myself. I have ridiculed the family gathering. I have scoffed at the Christmas present. I have made witty use of pterfamilias and his bills. I have—"

"Did I ever show you," I broke off to ask as we were crossing the Haymarket, "that little parody of mine on Poe's poem of The Bells? It begins—"

He interrupted me in his turn:

"Bills, bills, bills," he repeated.

"You are quite right," I admitted. "I forgot I ever showed it to you."

"You never did," he replied.

"Then how do you know how it begins?" I asked.

"I don't know for certain," he admitted; "but I got, on an average, sixty-five a year submitted to me, and they all begin that way. I thought perhaps yours did also."

"I don't see how else it could begin," I retorted. He had rather annoyed me.

"Besides, it doesn't matter how a poem begins. It is how it goes on that is the important thing; and, anyhow, I'm not going to write you anything about Christmas. Ask me to make you a new joke about a plumber; suggest my inventing something original and not too shocking for a child to say about heaven; propose my running you off a dog story that can be believed by a man of average determination, and we may come to terms. But on the subject of Christmas I am taking a rest."

"I don't blame you," he said, "if you are as sick of the subject as I am. So soon as these Christmas numbers are off my mind, and Christmas is over till next June at the office, I shall begin it at home. I think the presents are the worst part of Christmas. Emma will give me a water-color that she has painted herself. She always does. There would be no harm in that if she did not expect me to hang it in the drawing-room. Have you ever seen my cousin Emma's water-colors?" he asked.

"I think I have," I replied.

"There's no thinking about it," he retorted angrily. "They're not the sort of water-colors you forget."

He apostrophised the Circus generally.

"Why do people do these things?" he demanded. "Even an amateur artist

"From Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. Dodd, Mead & Co.

must have some sense. Can't they see what is happening? There's that thing of hers hanging in the passage. I put it in the passage because there's not much light in the passage. She's labeled it Reverie. If she had called it Influenza I could have understood it. I asked her where she got the idea from, and she said she saw the sky like that one evening in Norfolk. Great heavens! then why didn't she shut her eyes, or go home and hide behind the bed curtains? If I had seen a sky like that in Norfolk I should have taken the first train back to London. I suppose the poor girl can't help seeing these things, but why paint them?"

"The idiotic presents that people give you!" he continued. "I said I'd like Tennyson's poems one year. They had worried me to know what I did want. I didn't want anything, really; that was the only thing I could think of that I wasn't dead sure I didn't want. Well, they clubbed together, four of them, and gave me Tennyson in twelve volumes, illustrated with colored photographs. They meant kindly, of course. If you suggest a tobacco-pouch, they give you a blue velvet bag capable of holding about a pound, embroidered with flowers, life-size. The only way one could use it would be to put a strap to it and wear it as a satchel. Would you believe it, I have got a velvet smoking-jacket, ornamented with forget-me-nots and butterflies in silk; I'm not joking. And they ask me why I never wear it. I'll bring it down to the club one of these nights and wake the place up a bit—it needs it."

"And I'm just as bad," he went on, "when I give presents. I never give them what they want. I never hit upon anything that is of any use to anybody. If I give Jane a chinchilla tippet, you may be certain chinchilla is the most out-of-date fur that any woman could wear."

"Oh, that is nice of you," she says; 'now that is just the very thing I wanted.' I give the girls watch-chains when nobody is wearing watch-chains. When watch-chains are all the rage I give them earrings, and they thank me and suggest my taking them to a fancy-dress ball, that being their only chance to wear the confounded things. I waste money on white gloves with black backs, to find that white gloves with black backs stamp a woman as suburban. I believe all the shopkeepers in London save their old stock to palm it off on me at Christmas time. And why does it always take half a dozen people to serve you with a pair of gloves, I'd like to know? Only last week Jane asked me to get her some gloves for that last Mansion House affair. I was feeling amiable, and I thought I would do the thing handsomely. I hate going into a draper's shop; everybody stares at a man as if he were forcing his way into the ladies' department of a Turkish bath. One of those marionette sort of men came up to me and said it was a fine morning. What the devil did I want to talk about the morning to him for? I said I wanted some gloves. I described them to the best of my recollection. I said, 'I want them four buttons, but they are not to be button gloves; the buttons are in the middle and they reach up to the elbow, if you know what I mean.' He bowed, and said he understood exactly what I meant, which was a damned sight more than I did. I told him I wanted three pair cream and three pair fawn-colored, and the fawn-colored were to be Swedes. He corrected me. He said I meant 'Suede.' I daresay he was right, but the interruption put me off, and I had to begin over again. He listened attentively until I had finished. I guess I was about five minutes standing with him there close to the door. He said, 'Is that all you require, sir, this morning?' I said it was.

"Thank you, sir," he replied. "This way, please, sir."

"He took me into another room, and there we met a man named Jansen, to whom he briefly introduced me as a gentleman who 'desired gloves.' 'Yes, sir,' said Mr. Jansen; 'and what sort of gloves do you desire?'"

"I told him I wanted six pairs altogether—three suede, fawn-colored, and three cream-colored—kids."

"He said, 'Do you mean kid gloves, sir, or gloves for children?'"

"He made me angry by that. I told him I was not in the habit of using slang. Nor am I when buying gloves. He said he was sorry. I explained to him about the buttons, so far as I could understand it myself, and about the length. I asked him to see to it that the buttons were sewn on firmly, and that the stitching everywhere was perfect, adding that the last gloves my wife had had of his firm had been most unsatisfactory. Jane had impressed upon me to add that. She said it would make them more careful."

"He listened to me in rapt ecstasy. I might have been music."

"And what size, sir?" he asked.

"I had forgotten that," I said. "Oh, sixes," I answered, "unless they are very stretchy indeed, in which case they had better be five and three quarters."

"Oh, and the stitching on the cream is to be black," I added. That was another thing I had forgotten.

"Thank you very much," said Mr. Jansen; "is there anything else that you require this morning?"

"No, thank you," I replied, "not this morning." I was beginning to like the man.

"He took me for quite a walk, and wherever we went everybody left off what they were doing to stare at me. I was getting tired when we reached the glove department. He marched me up to a young man who was sticking pins into

himself. He said, 'Gloves,' and disappeared through a curtain. The young man left off sticking pins into himself, and leaned across the counter."

"Ladies' gloves or gentlemen's gloves?" he said.

"Well, I was pretty mad by this time, as you can guess. It is funny when you come to think of it afterward, but the wonder then was that I didn't punch his head."

"I said, 'Are you ever busy in this shop? Does there ever come a time when you feel you would like to get your work done, instead of lingering over it, and spinning it out for pure love of the thing?'"

"He did not appear to understand me. I said: 'I met a man at your door a quarter of an hour ago, and we talked about these gloves that I want, and I told him all my ideas on the subject. He took me to your Mr. Jansen, and Mr. Jansen and I went over the whole business again. Now Mr. Jansen leaves me with you—you, who do not know whether I want ladies' or gentlemen's gloves. Before I go over this story for the third time I want to know whether you are the man who is going to serve me, or whether you are merely a listener, because personally I am tired of the subject?'"

"Well, this was the right man at last, and I got my gloves from him. No wonder the drapers have had to start luncheon and tea rooms."

Just a Hard Tackle.



he had sent me around the end a dozen times and twice through the center. I told him that she was going to see the game, and he knew that I would play as I never played before. When we trotted out to the field I called Blank's attention to her. She was sitting in the front row, wearing our colors in her gown and her hat.

"Every time that I ran with the ball I could see her out of the corner of my eye, and the first time that I was downed hard near the grand-stand and the other team piled on top of me, I heard her cry out, but I couldn't tell what it was, because the man who tackled me had his knee in my ear."

"Well, as I was saying, we rolled them down the field by steady play, and when we lined up within thirty yards of their goal with the ball in our hands Blank said it was time to take a brace and score. He told us that we had been loafing, and that he was ashamed of us, just as if we hadn't been playing the best football of the year. He signalled to me that he expected me to take the ball around the left end."

"Now, let me tell you that the experience which followed was novel. The center snapped the ball back to Captain Blank, and although I was watching him intently, I saw the other rush line break against ours as if they had struck a stone wall, and I saw a girl in our colors on the grand-stand who was so excited that she was standing up. The ball was in the air,



Failure.

Failure consists in giving up, not in not succeeding. Many a man fails in business because his system is already bankrupt. It takes a strong body and a healthy constitution to stand the hard work and the hard knocks of the business world. Those persistent attacks of Sleeplessness; those Sick Headaches; those many worrying forms of Indigestion; that constant worn-out feeling, and those many little ills, all leave their traces unless promptly stamped out.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

prevents and cures these undermining ills. Take it every morning when you rise. It will improve your digestion, help you enjoy your food, and instil energy and vitality into body and brain.

The daily use of this standard English preparation will keep you in good health. Sold by all druggists at 60c a large bottle. Trial size, 25c.

and when I found it tucked safely under my arm I was running for all there was in me. As I passed their end he jumped at me and just missed a hold. It seemed to me that the noise on the field had ceased suddenly, though I learned afterward that it was redoubled as soon as I started with the ball. I saw their half-back and full-back running so that they might tackle me just before I reached their line, and I seemed to have eyes in the back of my head with which I saw their whole rush line at my heels to tackle me from behind."

"All of this, however, was merely an incidental stage-setting for a girl in our colors on the grand-stand. I wondered who the chap was who was standing beside her, and I feared that her arm might get tired waving the flag which I had sent to her as she came on the grounds. I was dimly conscious of the fact that I was running at full speed in the hope that I might carry their half-back and full-back across the line with me when I was tackled, and my feet seemed to move of their own volition. My running was due to sub-conscious action at the best, and it bothered me that I was getting so near to the fellows who were hurrying to tackle me, because I knew that when the tackle came I would see nothing of the grand-stand."

"Then it occurred to me suddenly that the full-back was the man who had been standing beside the girl in my colors on the grand-stand and I wondered how he had made such a quick change. If he had jumped from the grand-stand to help out the other side I was going to protest. What right had he there? We were not going to play against twelve men. He must have been wearing his football suit under his big ulster, and it was not a fair game. Why didn't Blank see him and stop the game? Anyway, he was a fool for leaving a pretty girl and coming down on a wet field to get rolled over in the mud, for that was what I intended to do with him and I was going to do it right then, hard, clear over the line—half-back and full-back together and the whole team!"

"I couldn't understand it. The girl in my colors to whom I had given the flag had struck me on the head with the flag stick. It was not a hard blow, but it hurt that she should hit me. The full-back, who had made a quick change to his ulster, was standing beside her trying to push me back. I was attempting to climb over the rail to where she stood. Every one on the grand-stand was yelling in my ears and the din was terrific. Then it ceased. Summer vacation had arrived and the girl, now dressed in white, was sitting in the stern of the boat while I rowed lazily down the stream. She seemed to be talking, but I couldn't understand what she said. It was all very comfortable, however. As she leaned forward her hat fell off, and without waiting I reached for it, tipped the boat over and began going to the bottom. I never suspected that the river was so deep. I kept going down and down while my ears rang painfully and then my feet touched something. I gave a spring and up I bobbed. I shot up. My ears ceased ringing and somebody held me up."

"Is she drowned?" I asked, opening my eyes slowly.

"Downed squarely behind a goal," said a familiar voice. It was Capt. Blank, and as I recognized him I said:

"Why, hello, old man, how did you come here?"

"I ran here," he said, "and I ran like hell."

"Am I wet?" I asked dubiously.

"Is he wet?" said Capt. Blank to the faces around him. "Is he wet? Well, what do you think of that after a thirty-yard run through the whole team winding up with pushing the half and full over the line for a touchdown? He thinks a little mud on his clothes will sour the girl in colors up there on the grand-stand? Why, old man, you were jammed into the mud a bit, but you are all right if you are dirty. Get up so that this infernal racket may stop and that any one who has any interest in such a coxcomb as you are, if they happen to be in the grand-stand, can see that you are not hurt. That's right, up on your feet now. No bones broken. All right. Now we will take it out for a goal."

"I stood up. There she was waving my flag, and beside her, looking disconsolate, was the chap I had supposed was going to tackle me on the field. No boat, no hat in the water and no drowning. Just a hard tackle, that's all."

Novel Advertising for Monsoon Tea.

Some bright suggestions come among the many new ideas offered to the Monsoon Tea Company for advertising their Monsoon Indo-Ceylon Tea. The latest is the use of the horseless carriage or automobile, with carriages specially designed to represent the original Monsoon Tea package as sold in the stores, but enlarged about a hundred times. And this novel vehicle is to serve as the Monsoon Tea delivery carriage. The trouble with these new advertising suggestions is that they fail in the most important object sought. They all lack the earnest assertion necessary to convince people of the fact that Monsoon excels all other package teas in purity, flavor and substance, which is proven so perfectly in the first sip of Monsoon Tea.

Toronto—New York.

Via Grand Trunk—West Shore.

Leave Toronto 6 p.m., arrive New York 9.30 following morning. Return train leaves New York (Franklin Street) 7.30 p.m., 12nd street 7.45 p.m., arrives Toronto 11.15 a.m. Best service. Through buffet sleeping car. Apply to Grand Trunk agents for information, or address H. Parry, 308 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of a teething tooth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

"GOOD HEALTH" is Priceless. Adulterated Teas Its Enemy.



Is your safeguard, being absolutely pure.

Lead Packets Only 25c., 30c., 40c., 50c., 60c. All Grocers

On the Operating Table.

HE nurse stole into the room. "Please put on your dressing-gown and slippers, and come downstairs." Four doctors, in their shirt sleeves, were standing behind the operating table (writes a hospital patient in the *London Academy*.) "It's a hard bed," I said, making a great effort to be brave, for the sight terrified me. "Not so hard as a plank bed!" came the cheerful answer. They were accustomed to amateur patients. I stretched myself upon the table. As they uncured the bandages I remarked that the afternoons were drawing in—drawing in. "This will send you to sleep," said a voice, placing an india-rubber cap over my face. "Take a deep breath." His hands pressed the cap to my lips; the veins below my ears throbbled beneath the touch of his fingers. I heard them discussing which instruments they should use. "To-day," I thought, "the Guards come home."

An eternity later my mind partly awoke. I was in bed. My hands went down to the bandages. The ether! That terrible, nauseating ether. Will it never leave me? Dim forms flitted about the room. They were kind, I knew, but I was so lonely with my pain. I could have killed them for not assuaging my awful thirst. I cried and complained, but nobody attended. If only I could cough. I thought of running brooks in Ireland, and water-hens. If only I could turn over on my side. If only—Strong hands moved me. Oh, the relief!

When I awoke the doctor was bending over me. "Then you haven't killed me," I said. To which he replied gruffly: "You'll do now." "What a casual man," I thought. Something pricked me on the shoulder. I fell asleep—quite happy.

English County Nicknames.

The Outlook.

Since Lord Kitchener's formal acknowledgment of East Anglian descent there has been much correspondence in the *Standard* as to the meaning and origin of the nickname "Silly Suffolk." It would be interesting to collect the nicknames of all the English counties. A few may be offered as a start. "Yorkshire Tykes" we all know, and "Northumbrian Geordies" also. But why should Wiltshire men be called "Moonrakers?" And there are "Glawster Ahwts"—we write phonetically, not having seen the words in print, but the alphabet does not express the breadth of the vowel. Lincolnshire folk are "Yellowbellies"—a playful allusion, perhaps, to the swamps and frogs—and "Essex Calves" may be a reminiscence of days when London got its meat

largely from that county. We have heard the natives of Lancashire called "Mac-men," but know not if it be the right term for them!

TEA TRAYS

Fine line new English goods, in olive wood—olive and ebony, and oak and ebony, 14 to 24 inches long, prices start at \$3.00

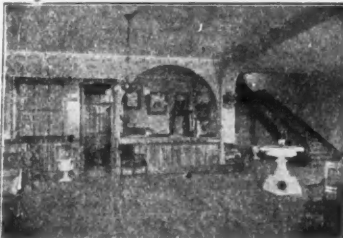
And nice line... CRUMB BRUSHES AND TRAYS TO MATCH. ...from \$3.00 up.

CHINA HALL

JOS. IRVING 49 KING EAST

Dr. HAYES' ASTHMA Cured to Stay Cured

OFFICE AND ROTUNDA



A Summer Rest

Will do you and your family good. You'll be happy here where we have everything for human comfort. Pure air, pure water, pure food, fresh fruit, milk and vegetables. Liberal table.

HOTEL DEL MONTE PRESTON SPRINGS

Jaeger Specialties

Are always acceptable for

Christmas Presents. Fleece Slippers, Goat-hair Shawls, Camel-hair Gloves, Dressing Gowns.

We pay half express charges on all parcels. Jaeger Depot, 85 King St. West, Toronto

A Needlework Magazine

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY



JUST ISSUED, the first number of

Corticelli Home

Needlework

For 1899

It contains twenty-five entirely new superbly colored plates. Five are of double roses.

This number contains articles from the best embroidery artists in Canada and the United States; tells how to embroider Centerpieces, Doilies, Tea

Cloths, Sofa Cushions, Photo Frames and all kinds of Fancy Work in new designs. There are also rules and new patterns for Cross Stitch, Church Embroidery and Corticelli Decor Crochet, the latest thing in needlework.

Subscription price, 25 cents per year; single copies, 10c. each.

Address CORTICELLI HOME NEEDLEWORK

50 RICHELIEU STREET, ST. JOHNS, P. Q.

Tapestry Panels

This is one of the many novelties we are finding large sale for as the Christmas season approaches. They win your taste as works of art. They are French goods, and possess that degree of fineness that is characteristic of French art.

They make up beautifully for screens and cushions for the floor, the couch or the divan. You can buy one or more panels and make up as you may wish yourself—the prices ranging from 40c. to \$12.50—or in our Upholstery department we will make up cushion or screens or other specialties for you.

Oriental Cushions, a special line, fine for knockabout cushions in the living room, \$1.50 and \$2.00.

JOHN KAY, SON & CO.

34 King Street West

Toronto



Hard Work Cooking Dinner

on a poor stove.
Why not decide to buy the new

Imperial Oxford

And have the best range made for your Xmas cooking?
The saving of fuel and the comfort gained will very soon pay its cost and you'll have a lifetime of kitchen satisfaction and economy to look forward to.

See its patented improvements for yourself at the Oxford Stove Store, 569 Queen West, or at any of our Agents.
No other range can compare with it.

The Gurney Foundry Co., Limited
TORONTO.

How a person can gain a pound a day by taking an ounce of Scott's Emulsion is hard to explain, but it certainly happens.

It seems to start the digestive machinery working properly. You obtain a greater benefit from your food.

The oil being predigested, and combined with the hypophosphites, makes a food tonic of wonderful flesh-forming power.

All physicians know this to be a fact.

All druggists; 50c. and \$1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto

Corset Flushing



No wonder corset steels slip out when "Flushing" is more than a sham. Genuine flushing is done by hand, and the silk stitches how both out and inside. Examine any ordinary corset and you find silk "flushing" on the outside and cotton stitches on the inside. Of course, such work is only imitation of the real hand work that tells in the durability of a corset. The celebrated French, tailor cut, hand-sewed, light spring steel boned corset, the

P. D.

is a hand-"flushing" corset. It is the lightest, strongest, most comfortable, most fashionable and best corset made. In all sizes and for all figures, \$1.00 to \$30.00 per pair.

Your Evening Dress

A little care used in the cleaning of your evening dress is all that is needed to make it fit for the next social occasion. We put in new-like shape the finest and most delicate fabrics—good and safe work assured.

R. PARKER & CO., Dyers and Cleaners
Head Office & Works: 787-791 Yonge St. Toronto. Branches: 59 King St. West, 201 Yonge St., 471 Queen St. West, 1267 Queen St. West, 277 Queen St. East.
Phones—3037, 3040, 2143, 1094, 5098.

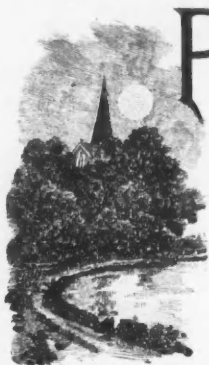


Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb. carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first-class grocers.

A COMRADE OF GARIBALDI.

Tanterdina, For Years an Interpreter in Toronto—Now Living in Georgetown—Some of His Recollections.

BY JOHN FRANCIS RYAN.



PERHAPS the only surviving veteran in Canada of the Garibaldi revolution is an Italian now in his seventy-second year, named Abel Tanterdina. He was formerly interpreter in Toronto, and is well-known among the Italians here

—not the Neapolitans, for he never mixed with them, but among that class of emigrants who hail from Northern Italy; from the mountains and the picturesque shores of Lake Como, and who may be distinguished from the Southern Italians who come here, by their aversion to hand-organs and performing monkeys.

Tanterdina was born in the village of Intrala, and in 1846 went to Switzerland to work, and was there introduced to the revolutionists. In 1848 the trouble started in Lombardy, and an effort was made by the revolutionist leaders to get all Europe into trouble in the hope of securing freedom for Italy. Tanterdina's first taste of war was at Milan, where the Austrians were driven out after having been besieged for five days. They were followed to Peshara and then came trouble in the revolutionist ranks. Their general disappeared, but Garibaldi arrived from South America in June, 1848, and, assuming command, marched north to Lombardy, carrying the famous standard: "The Voice of the People is the Voice of God." The Austrians, with a far larger force, were coming from the south and Garibaldi had to cross into Switzerland. At this time he was suffering from ague and had to be carried over the mountains. Tanterdina, who knew Garibaldi well, describes him as a short, stout man, very kind to his soldiers, and with the greatest faith in the ultimate success of the cause. He was full of hope and although arms had to be laid down once the border of Switzerland had been crossed, yet he did not despair.

Addressing his men, he told them to be ready when ordered again. "In the springtime this revolution will break out again in the South," said he. "Come by two or alone when you hear from me." The band of patriots listened and swore to obey. How well they did so is a matter of history, and the difficulties which each man had to surmount, if they were obtainable, would furnish material for all the romances that the world will need for a hundred years.

About Christmas-time the revolutionists, hidden in the Alps, learned that an army was being formed in the South to march upon Rome. They had to go, although every mountain pathway was guarded by patrols, and capture meant death.

Tanterdina had many hair-breadth escapes. One night, while walking along a narrow path, he heard heavy footsteps and dropped behind a boulder. He was barely in time to miss being caught by the patrol, and held his breath while they passed within a few feet of him. At another time he crossed Lake Como in a boat, while the guards who were supposed to be guarding it were flirting with some peasant girls.

While listening to this old man's story one is struck with the loyalty existing among the revolutionists. At every stage of his perilous journeys he met friends, and although anyone who befriended a rebel was deemed as guilty as a rebel himself in the eyes of the strict law then in vogue, yet he was assisted at every turn. Sometimes it was a boatman, sometimes an innkeeper, and sometimes a soldier, who was supposed to be looking for just such men as Tanterdina.

The fight under Garibaldi lasted from February until June. There were 20,000 men in his army, and he had after him 100,000 Austrians, 50,000 Frenchmen and 150,000 Neapolitans. The fact that he held out against such a force for such a length of time won for him the reputation of being the greatest hand of a comparatively small body of men that the world ever knew. If he had had more men he probably would not have been so successful. Tanterdina smiles as he tells how the Austrians were beaten at Veletri, and how the Neapolitans ran, and how King Ferdinand was nearly captured.

After leading the allied armies a merry dance for all those months, the insurgents laid down their arms at the little republic of Marino, but shortly afterwards word came of more fighting at Venice and thither went the indomitable Abel. In attempting to land from a boat he was captured and sent prisoner to Mantua. There he was court-martialed and sentenced to six months' hard labor and ten years' compulsory service in the Austrian army. While on the march from Mantua he recognized in one of his Hungarian guards a man who had formerly visited his father. The guard also identified him, and he was given an opportunity to escape at the next town, and was not slow in taking advantage of it.

Under an assumed name he traveled back to Switzerland and obtained work in a rolling mill. There his identity was betrayed by a workman who was jealous of him and he was again arrested and taken to the commissary. He was placed in a temporary lock-up and told that he would be sent south in the morning. South to him meant death, and he decided to take a chance for liberty. The cell in which he was confined was separated from the yard by an iron-barred window. After several hours of hard work he managed to make an opening large enough to put his head through.

"When you can get your head through, your body can also generally get through," says Tanterdina, which shows that a few hours in the stocks are not numbered amongst his troubles. But he escaped after six hours' work, having had to take off his clothing and throw it out ahead of him, before he could force his body through the small aperture.

With a false passport he went through the Sardinian states to Genoa, where he was in hopes of obtaining transportation to some foreign country, but the Austrian consul would not accept his papers as they had not been signed by the different officials along the route.

An American merchant told him to go to Marseilles, where the restrictions were not so rigid, and from which port many vessels left for America. Thither he went, tramping the whole 300 miles, only to find the place swarming with refugees from all over Italy.

The Crimean war was in progress at this time, and Tanterdina heard of the now famous "foreign legion" that was being formed. He made his way back to Turin and enlisted under the British flag, being number 73 on the enrollment list. He never saw active service against the Russians, for before the legion reached the Dardanelles peace had been declared. With the rest he came back to Malta, where the mutiny occurred, and Tanterdina's statement, in view of the many recent controversies concerning this outbreak, may be of value. He says that the trouble was caused, not by the English commanders, but by the Italian captains and lieutenants, who tried to defraud the soldiers out of their just dues. The soldiers of the legion were offered free transportation to any of the British colonies. Tanterdina chose Canada and his record here has been one of peace and prosperity.

A Canadian Lullaby.

BY ALGERNON DE V. TASSIN.

Sleep, my darling one, sleep,
Wildly the winter wind blows;
Wake not, my darling, to weep,
Coldly and fiercely it snows;
Child, be thy slumbers deep—
The deeper the better, God knows.
Dried are the tears on thy cheek,
Close shut are thy tiny hands;
Thy white lips so wistfully meek
Are mute to thy hunger's demands.
Gently, my darling one, seek
Thy comfort in slumber's dreamlands.

Child, be thy slumbers deep!
Wildly the winter wind blows;
Wake not, my darling, to weep;
The mother-heart breaks for thy woes.
Death, and her half-brother Sleep!
And which is the better, who knows?

His Masterly Method.

"Now," asked the delighted interviewer of the undeniable literary genius, "as to your method of working?"

"Well, replied the great author, 'I take a writing pad—'
"Yes."
"And a pencil—"
"Yes."
"Seek out a quiet spot—grasp the pad firmly in one hand and the pencil in the other hand—and—"
"Yes. And—"
"And write."—*Ex.*

Experientia Docet.

"When a reporter tries to interview me," said the first statesman, "I make it a practice to say nothing."
"A great mistake," replied the other.
"If you say something, there is always a bare possibility of their printing what you really did say, instead of what you didn't."

A GIRL'S TRIBUTE.

She Tells How Dodd's Kidney Pills Gave Her Health.

Thousands of Girls Need the Same Remedy, for They are Suffering from Similar Diseases—Dodd's Kidney Pills Will Cure Them.

TORONTO, December 5.—There are thousands of girls in this city who are passing the best years of their lives in sickness and misery, when they should be enjoying the blessings of health, strength and vigor.

The observer who will watch the crowds of girls and young women streaming homeward every evening, after their hard day's work, cannot but be struck by the many faces—young faces—that should be rosy with the glow of health, with sparkling eyes, and well-rounded cheeks, but which are pale and care-worn, with dark circles around eyes that have lost their brightness.

A glance is enough to show that these tired and worn-out girls are suffering. And such a spectacle is doubly sad, because there is no need for it. Dodd's Kidney Pills would bring the brightness back to the eyes, the bloom to the cheek, the firmness to the step, the vigor to the entire body.

No other medicine on earth can produce such astonishingly beneficial results, in these cases, as Dodd's Kidney Pills can and will.

Miss Mary Dinsdale, 73 Esther street, has proved the truth of this statement. She says: "I have been a sufferer from Female Weakness, Nervous, and Liver Trouble, and doctored without deriving any benefit. I began using Dodd's Kidney Pills, and my recovery dated from that time. They have cured me thoroughly."

A trial will speedily convince any sufferer that Dodd's Kidney Pills will positively restore her to health.

Mr. Van Capel (irritated)—I'm sorry I married a fool. Mrs. V. C. (resignedly)—Don't worry about it; you could not have married anybody but a fool.—*Ex.*

A Princess Who May Become Empress of Austria.



CAREFULLY had the grief-stricken Emperor of Austria laid his Empress to rest when the politicians of Europe began delicately to broach the subject of a second marriage. They urged the need of a Hapsburg heir, and picture the stormy times which would result should the throne of Austria be left vacant at the death of Franz Josef.

But should the Emperor, after the proper time of mourning, choose to take unto himself another wife, who would be available? Certainly an alliance with an English princess would gladden the English heart, as Austria is further from England in its family connections than any other of the royal houses.

But Franz Josef is decidedly more partial to Spain than to England in this respect. The Queen Regent is a cousin of his, and their relations are very close. During the recent war they were in daily correspondence, and Maria Christina was ready at a moment's notice to fly to the Austrian Court in case of a Carlist rebellion. But it is not generally known that the Queen Regent of Spain has a beautiful daughter, the Princess Mercedes.

This girl is but eighteen years old; she has a most lovable disposition, and is a most graceful and charming princess.

Her father, Alphonso XII, married her mother when he had a broken heart. His first wife, beloved Queen Mercedes, had been dead only a short time, and he longed to weep at her tomb.

But reasons of State prevented. Spain demanded an heir to the throne, so Alphonso, with grief eating out his heart, proposed to Maria Christina of Austria, who promptly accepted—for love!

When a child was born it was named Mercedes, after the dead wife. Mercedes has the loving, sweet spirit of her mother, combined with the sensitive pensiveness of her father. This young princess has been a prime favorite with her distant and elderly cousin. She has visited the court of Austria frequently, and loves its quiet elegance.

"Well, I suppose you'll soon be giving up golf for the season?" "Nope. I'm going to give up the season for golf. I'm going south for the winter."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Is there any difference between 'sick' and 'ill'?" "Why, it's just like this: the man who gets sick sends for a doctor, while the man who becomes ill summons a physician."—*Puck.*

Miss De Style—Oh, Major! Did you ever go to a military ball? Old Veteran—No, my dear young lady; in those days I had a military ball come to me. It nearly took my leg off.—*Truth.*

"Don't you know it's against the law to pour that water into the milk?" said a passer-by. "I'm only trying to drown the microbes, sir," said the milkman, with a smile.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Little Elmer—Pa, what's an optimist? Pa—An optimist, my boy, is a man who is so glad he laughs, when his wife scolds him, because there is a law against polygamy in this country.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Willie—I once knew a girl who nearly died from ice-cream poisoning. Nellie—The very idea! I would never have dreamed of such a thing happening to a girl of your acquaintance.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

She—Ah, Count, you don't know how my love for you distresses my parents. I heard my father say that he would give \$10,000 if I would never see you again. The Count—Ees your fazeire in hees office now, you sink!—*Exchange.*

Treasure Hall and Poverty Inn.

N. Y. Life.

Side by side they stand to-day.
Poverty Inn and Treasure Hall.
Where pilgrims sad and travelers gay
May eat their honey and drink their gall:
Refuge of righteousness, shelter of sin,
Treasure Hall and Poverty Inn.

Side by side they will ever stand.
Poverty Inn and Treasure Hall:
Ricketty dwelling and palace grand—
But which holds the most of honey or gall?
Which covers most of virtue or sin,
Treasure Hall or Poverty Inn?



HUDSON'S SOAP

A Fine Powder In Packets only
Will wash more clothes, and do more work in much less time than any other Soap.
SOAK YOUR CLOTHES with HUDSON'S and the dirt will slip out with about half the usual labour.

R. S. HUDSON

34 CHAMBLISS SQUARE, MONTREAL
Sold in Handy Packets by All Grocers

The Good Things

of the world are for those who will use them. Try

Ludella CEYLON TEA

and you will find it good enough.
Your money back if you don't.

Lead Packages

25, 40, 50 and 60c.

Iron and Brass Beds

We have the finest selection of Plain and Fancy Beds in the city.

Our Brass Beds are all best English make. We are direct importers and sole agents for two of the leading English makers. Prices always the lowest.

Schomberg Furniture Co.

651-653 YONGE ST.

When the System is Run Down

through acute disease or by reason of continued ill health (from whatever cause) the best "builder" available to the sufferer—young or old—is "Maltine with Cod Liver Oil." In this unique preparation is comprised every principle necessary to restore the wasted frame to the fulness of health. It is a brain and nerve food of inestimable value, a powerful digestant and assimilator of food, a "tissue-builder" and "bone former." It is delicious as honey, and acceptable to the patient. One of England's greatest physicians (Dr. Fothergill) says: "There is no remedy that can take the place of Maltine in cases of Debility and Nervous Prostration."

Can be purchased of any Druggist. Where no Druggist is established we will send to nearest Express Office.—CHARGES PAID—on receipt of price, viz., \$1.00 per bottle. 2-oz. Sample on receipt of 15c., which may be remitted in Postage Stamps, or by Postal Order. The Maltine Company, 86 Wellington Street West, Toronto



"Chic" Gowns

are easily modeled from Priestley's Black Wool Figured Fabrics because the firmness of the texture and exquisite weave yield ideal draping qualities.

Combined with this is the originality of the designs in Black Wool Figures—in Matalasse effects, Armures, Pebble Cloths and Wool Canvas Cloths.

Priestley's Black Wool Figured Fabrics

Sold by Leading Dry Goods Houses Everywhere.

For the street, for calling or for the house, Fashion dictates from across the water as eminently correct this season

"Priestley" stamped on the selvedge.



BOVRIL

For Health and Strength

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND S. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, hand-somely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

Sixteen pages are often given to subscribers in a single weekly issue without extra charge.

OFFICE:
SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING
Adelaide Street West - Toronto
Ontario, Canada.

TELEPHONE (Business Office) No. 1709
(Editorial Rooms) No. 1709

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year \$2.00
Six Months 1.00
Three Months50

Delivered in Toronto, per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY
LIMITED, PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 12 TORONTO, DEC. 10, 1898. [No. 1]



JACK and the Beanstalk is one of the standard characters of literature. Jack is not complete without his beanstalk, and the two from early, happier times are associated in the mind as one person. There are few indeed who are not acquainted with this gentleman. His date is uncertain. It is not exactly apparent just in what part of the globe he flourished—somewhere where beans grow far larger than we see at the Toronto Fair, but there is no question in our minds as to his authenticity. He is one of the traditions, and traditions are things which we believe whether they are reasonable or not. The part that surprises us, however, in going to see Jack at the Grand Opera House this week, is to find that he was a son of Old Mrs. Hubbard, the lady of the cupboard, whose shelves were perpetually empty and whose little dog was in a corresponding condition. This relationship makes an addition to the plot and prepares us for the shock of seeing Old King Cole and his famous string trio paying a visit to the Hubbard homestead. Jack, it appears, was much to the dissatisfaction of his mother, a chum of Sindbad the sailor and personally acquainted with the timid Miss Muffet. All these people followed Jack up the beanstalk—a fact hitherto suppressed—and took an active part in the proceedings. It is just as if one had fallen asleep over a Mother Goose book of fairy tales and dreamed the characters into one big ingenious jumble. Fairies, thieves, giants, tip tatoes and tramp through forest and palace, through court-yard and garden, and all is as real, as wonderful and as matter-



of-fact as a dream; in truth, Jack and the Beanstalk was a dream—a beautiful dream of fairyland. I hardly think that many people were much troubled with any discrepancy between the idea they may have formed in childhood of that charming country, and the presentation of it. The fairies in the play were clad in gossamer, and danced as gracefully as it is possible to conceive of dancing, and Jack, the hero, was handsome, loving and brave as the ideal of a little girl could be; and the dresses were fanciful, and the air full of music and laughter. Children, I am so sorry your mamma didn't take you to see it, because it was just as though all the stories in your Christmas books had come true.

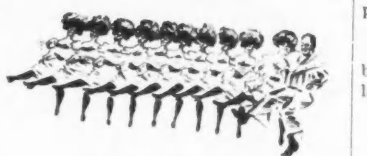
Blue Jeans is decidedly a superior specimen of a melodrama. It contains interest, humor and human nature. Rare, indeed, is such a combination. Two of these qualities at most are all we have a license to expect, and it is generally the first two. Human nature is scarce in melodrama. There is generally no room for it. Virtue and villainy take up the stage and humor is crowded into the corners, while human nature doesn't come on at all. Blue Jeans, however, is different, and wherever it is different it is superior. Even to its celebrated buzz saw climax it is genuine and realistic. I consider Blue Jeans one of the best plays of its type, and I was pleased to see the careful manner in which it was put on this week at the Princess. It fits the company well, and being an "American" play, in it they are far more at home than they have been lately. Mr. Grady does the best piece of work he has done yet in the character sketch of the old peg-leg shoemaker. It is an unusually good bit for a melodrama, this old Jacob Tutewiller. One sees him and believes him straightway, recognizing him as the

real article. And one likes him, too, and laughs at him affectionately, as we do at our friends. Miss Marshall also has an opportunity for heavier work than she has had, and takes advantage of it. Mr. Cummings, Mr. Kingstone, Mr. Glazier, in fact, all the male members of the company are unusually well cast, and Miss Andrews, as Cindy Tutewiller, is right in her element. A stranger takes the part of Sue Endaly, and evidently has known the part and studied the character before this presentation. There are faults in Blue Jeans, there are thin places in the production of it this week—I would lose my reputation if I didn't say that—but taking it all through Blue Jeans is one of the Cummings Stock Company's successes.

It must, indeed, satisfy the soul of the painter of the back scene when the live calf, introduced in the second act, tries to eat the painted haystack, as it did Tuesday evening. This is a higher compliment than any mere man could pay, for it is surely evident that a calf knows more about haystacks than even the most cultured critic.

With Mr. Ralph Cummings and many of his last year's company back in town, the Robert Cummings company also with some of last year's organization at the Princess, and the two former leading members of the latter at the Bijou, the original idea seems to have become enlarged somewhat. Whether the idea was a strong enough one to bear being chopped up in this way without serious damage to its constitution, is a question. United, we are told, the bundle of sticks stood the test. While this makes a very touchy metaphor applied to actors, still one cannot help wondering what it is all about! Why does anybody leave anywhere and come back to any place?

Rosedale, in which Mr. Cummings re-introduces himself at the Toronto Opera House this week, is not by any means the strongest item in his repertoire. It contains a very slender story, and takes five acts, eight scenes, and long, long waits between to tell it. A great deal of the time is taken up with the glorification of physicians and play-actors. The long peroration on the sanctity of doctors in the first act drags out to a point where it becomes ridiculous. It should be cut. Actors also are extolled considerably. Considering that doctors make money out of the sufferings of humanity and that actors inflict suffering and charge a fee, it is hard to see why butchers, lawyers and all the other business members of the community are not allowed to share in the glorification. Doctors and butchers are necessary



Poetry of Motion.

evils. There is too much bill about these birds to leave any semblance of symmetry and grace in their composition.

Rosedale does not by any means display Mr. Cummings' company to advantage. He himself and Miss Douglas are, as of old, magnetic and drawy, girlish and ingenious, respectively, but their success is in spite of the play. There are bright spots, but one can understand on seeing the piece what critics mean by the term "uneven." Captain Swift and The Gilded Fool, which will be put on for the other week of their engagement, will do what Rosedale fails to do—show Mr. Cummings and his supporters in their last year's form.

On Monday evening a very interesting lecture was given in the lecture-room of Dunn avenue Methodist church by Dr. Malcolm W. Sparrow on Evangelism and the Academics. The lecture might well be termed a chapter from Canadian history, and was decidedly entertaining. A large and appreciative audience listened to it with careful attention, and the lecturer succeeded in showing a striking contrast between true historic facts and the poetic effusions of Longfellow's poem, Evangelism. His aim was to place the Academic exiles in their true character, and prove that the British Government was justified in expelling them from the Province of Nova Scotia. It was quite evident that the lecture was the result of considerable research and careful comparison of statistics, and the lecturer is to be congratulated upon his success.

Joseph Jefferson, having decided to retire temporarily from the stage because of physical infirmities, recently issued the following announcement: "In order to keep faith with the managers with whom I have contracts to produce Rip Van Winkle and The Rivals, I have decided to allow my sons, Thomas and William Jefferson, to appear respectively as Rip Van Winkle and Bob Acres. They have been acting practically all their lives, and

I feel confident that they will give creditable presentations of their roles. They have my heartiest endorsement and good wishes in the undertaking. Of course, I realize that the public is to be the final arbiter of their merits or demerits, but I submit them to the theater-goers of America with the fullest confidence that they will give conscientious presentations of the above named characters. My own supporting company will remain intact for the tour, namely, Otis Skinner, Ffolliott Paget, Wilton Lackey, Elsie Leslie, Verna Clargies, George Denham, Walter Woodhall, Blanche Bender and Joseph Jefferson, Jr."

All of us are children at heart, and that accounts perhaps for the hearty laughter that greets Charles H. Yale's latest mechanical spectacle The Evil Eye, or the Many Merry Mishaps of Nod, which will be at the Grand Opera House all next week, commencing Monday night. All the antics that the childish imagination is taught to associate with witchcraft are reproduced, and intermingled are scenic embellishments, so that the eye is continually delighted as well as surprised. Like all dramatic offerings of its sort, the plot of The Evil Eye is as complicated as it is inconsequential. Half a dozen fairy legends are brought into the action merely to give opportunity for scenic effects. It is said to be a charming holiday spectacle.

The green-room generally, as a factor of the old-time theater, has given place to the needs of the property man, and is filled with all sorts of odds and ends, or, perhaps, it has been fitted up as the "star dressing-room." There are only a few theaters in this country that possess a green-room now, and if the actor wants to gossip he does it on the trains or in a little narrow cell called by courtesy a dressing-room.

Much of the credit for the successful closing exercises of Loretto Academy is due to Miss Ella Stone and Miss Gertrude Hughes. Miss Stone had the musical numbers in charge, while Miss Hughes instructed the pupils in drills and elocution.

One of the great actors of the day—Charles Coghlan—will shortly appear at the Grand Opera House in his drama of the stage, The Royal Box. Mr. Coghlan's support this season is of the very best timbre.

Van Rensselaer Wheeler, the baritone singer who has been in Toronto with The Geisha and The Highwayman, is one of the principals in Jefferson de Angelis' production of The Jolly Musketier.

A Stranger in a Strange Land is on the boards of the Grand Opera House the latter half of this week.

Some Mock, but Not All.

The Philistine.

THE other day I read in a printed book these words, "Some mock, some shook their heads, and some believed." And that is the universal experience of every man who ever did anything, or thought anything, or was anything. People always mock the thing they are not used to. Afterwards their hilarious mockery may reduce itself to a dubious shaking of the head, and a cynical smile; then the smile may fade away into blankness, and the man may believe. Deborah, standing in the doorway of her father's house and making fun of the moon-faced Benjamin as he walks up the street munching at his loaves and gazing on every side, is typical. Deborah had no flitting ghost of a thought that this strange, loaf-munching, mirth-moving youth would ere long humble her into the very dust; then when she had been flung adrift by fate, her arms would reach out to him and he would marry her and give her immortality by linking her name with his own—the greatest name America has produced. No, of course she hadn't.

Saul of Tarsus, going down to Damascus to persecute the Christians, could not foresee that he would come back and henceforth be the Master Christian of all time.

Some mock, some shook their heads, and some believed. Yes, he you preacher, lawyer, physician, artist, writer, do your work the best you can and try to live up to your highest ideal, some will surely mock. If you have genius a great many will mock, and a great many will shake their heads. But also a great multitude may mock, so long as a few believe, all is well. No good life was ever lived but there was someone believed in it. These few people who believe in us make life possible. Without them, what should we do? But with them we are knitted to the Infinite.

I know a cottage whose door for me always stands ajar, and where the dwellers therein start with gladness when they hear the coming of my footsteps.



The Giant.



King Cole, Old Mother Hubbard.

Not Likely.
Punch.

Wife—"Very well, George, if you will go shooting—mind, if you get blown to bits, don't come running to me for sympathy!"

Growing Young Gracefully.

HOW many articles have been written to those of advancing years upon the secret of growing old gracefully! They have been told that gray hair is a glory, wrinkles but evidence of wisdom by experience, and infirmity only an appeal to the respect and consideration of the stronger juveniles.

Oh, yes, and they console themselves with these sad comforts as best they may. A select few won't accept the platitudes, refuse the comfort, and struggle vainly against the inexorable ravages of Time. But there is a better thing than either, and the world is taking hold of it with avidity. Wrinkles are no longer a horror, for you do not need to have them; gray hair is evaded by secret processes which I dare not divulge even if I knew them. Everyone is growing young these days! What has done it? The bicycle, the masseur, or the comprehension that mind may control matter? By the way, that comprehension is perhaps due to the wheeling experiences of the woman of the last few years. Everyone is growing young, but are they doing it gracefully? The aging man and woman are pushed aside into a corner, and many do not observe whether they are graceful in their adding of year to year. But he and she who are growing young are always in the front row. A sprightly self-assertion is an integral part of the process, and it is often so ungraceful, this process, that I am moved to write a screed to rebuke it. When one desires to grow young one must go about it fairly carefully. The abandon of the debutante won't suit the woman just on the brink of forty, who begins to grow young. It is inartistic and unreal. Rather a happy, mellow content and generous sharing of smiles and pleasant words is her cue.

She must be as happy as a child, as thoughtful as a woman, and as sympathetic as a mother in Israel. She must utterly refuse to shoulder care and trouble. There may be cares and troubles done up in more or less back-breaking packages on right and left. Let them lie! The woman who is growing young will none of them. One must grow plump to grow young; dimples must replace bumps and bones, hair must be loosely and softly dressed, and if one has curls it comes easier; if not, one must buy some, or carefully cook one's hair in wavelets with a discreetly heated curling-iron. Neither over-eating, over-drinking nor over-straining of one's attention or effort must be encouraged. One must rest when one is tired and sleep when one is drowsy a *tenfold*, if one wishes to grow young gracefully. And one must learn the philosophy of expending the least vital force possible to ensure one's ends. But above all, one must be interested in the present, the future, but the past must lie where it fell. One cannot grow young if one bothers with one's past. Let it go, in the name of happiness, of brightness, of the art of growing young!

Many a woman, many a man essays to grow young by outward means. These are at best but aids to the great result—and so many shipwreck upon them! The barber's effort generally only serves to make man or woman a ridiculous failure in the art of growing young. Juvenile frocks are the pitfalls which engulf many a budding second youth. A perky manner and a leering eye mark the giddy old goose of a man who starts wrongly on the way to growing young gracefully. Such miss the secret; they do not go deep enough.

Sometimes care and disappointment and illness and grief, which have swayed the soul from dusk to dark, fall away from a life. It is so beautiful then to watch the natural glad grace of the heart growing young. I have seen it at forty, fifty, sixty, aye, seventy, and I have rejoiced on one side of my face, while I mourned on the other for the many who might be free to grow young gracefully if they only thought enough into it.

Enamel and powder and hair dye and rouge won't make the woman young again, any more than prancing and ogling and padding and grinning will rejuvenate

the old beau gracefully. To grow young gracefully; to cease to offend the sense and the taste of the critic by stupid superficiality; to begin at the beginning, and hour by hour set the spirit free, train the greedy self, soothe the shattered nerves, cheer the way-worn soul, hush harsh notes and sing in harmony with nature—that is the beginning of the art of growing young gracefully.

LADY GAY.

Her First Golf Lesson.

THE brawny old golf teacher at the Just-So Club Links shook his head as Teddy Rocks, with his caddy trotting behind him, passed by with his new *fiancée*, and when the man meekly asked: "What did you do that for?" the big professor said: "Just watch them." This was what followed: "Now, darling," said Teddy, building up a little mound of sand and balancing thereon the ball, "you mustn't try too much at first. And you mustn't mind if you do not hit it."

She took the big stick with the breakfast roll on the end of it, and tried to get the pendulum swing that Teddy told her about.

"I thought my waist was nice and loose," she complained, and that brought the first cloud to Teddy's brow.

"You girls are such fools about your clothes! There, never mind, pet, but nobody can do anything at golf unless they are perfectly easy. Now whack away."

"Why, Teddy," she returned, "you have always been so pleased with my clothes, and you know you always say you like to see them fit."

"But golf is different," said Teddy, and he said it very shortly.

"Now get to work, hang away! We cannot keep the next party waiting all night, Jennie."

When a girl's only been engaged a little while it makes her feel hurt to be called by her name like that, with no adjectives. She banged away. The ball, followed by a cloud of sand, rose in the air, and fell a little way off on the turf. Jenny yelled dismally.

"What's the matter? That is a very good shot for the first," said Teddy.

"But look at the awful place I gouged out of my wrist." She displayed her wound. "I did it with my other thumb-nail when I swung the thing." Of course, she expected sympathy. Teddy only laughed.

"Oh, you will have to get used to things like that if you expect to play golf. Come along. When you strike, you must not want to take your eyes off the ball. Of course, I could not tell you find your own balls this time."

Talking thus, Teddy led on, and all this time Jennie's wrist was "bleeding dreadfully," as she told the girls afterward. Then she forgot about her wrist.

"I see it, Teddy," she exclaimed, and away she started for the white spot in the grass.

"Don't run," said he, catching her as she passed. "Never run in the golf links—very bad form."

Jennie contented herself with walking briskly. She stooped cheerily to recover the ball, and again Teddy yelled out: "Don't touch it; leave it where it is. Never touch a ball. Let it lie wherever it strikes. You can move anything movable, but you cannot move a ball."

"Does it stick, Teddy, where it lights?" Jennie did not mean to make him angry by this, but just wanted to know.

"It came up quite easily," she added with it in her hand.

"Didn't I tell you to let it alone?" demanded Teddy, testily. "Well, go back to tea."

At least, that is what she thought he said. Afterward she confessed that she thought he must have said, "Go back and tee," but how was she to know how it was spelled?

"Very well, Mr. Rocks," said she. "It is teatime, and I see very well that I am spoiling your pleasure. I won't trouble you to come home with me, either. I will go at once."

And as she walked haughtily past the brawny old professor of golf at the Just-So Club Links, on her way to the entrance, with Teddy miserably chasing her, the old professor shook his head again. This time the man near by did not ask the reason.

The Drama Forty Years Ago

The Actors and Actresses Who Walked the Boards in Toronto and Hamilton in the Fifties.

BY AN OLD STAGER.

DESPATCHES tell of the death of Charles W. Coudock, one of the old-time actors. The Hamiltonian who lived here (writes An Old Stager in the *Hamilton Herald*) away back in the fifties will remember him when he played in an old barn, that was fitted up as a theater, on the corner of John and Rebecca streets. John Nickerson was the lessee of a theater in Toronto, and he also was the manager of the Hamilton barn. While the interior of the old theater was not attractive to the eye, nor yet the most comfortable place on a cold winter night, yet the attractions on the stage were always of the highest class. The old stagers regret the degeneracy of the stage as we have it in the present day. In the days of John Nickerson and his stock company of star actors, Hamilton audiences were served with the best English comedies of the old school interspersed with the more scholarly tragedies of Shakespeare. While Coudock was not a member of the stock company, yet he never failed to come to Hamilton during the theatrical season, and his coming always filled the barn-like theater with Hamilton's better class of citizens. Coudock was a young man then, not more than forty, and it was the beginning of his career that has been crowned with professional success. He made more than one fortune during his long career, but the money slipped away from him about as easy as he made it. His great play away back in the 50's, and which always filled the theater every night it was on the boards, was Willow Cope—on the line with Hazel Kirke—in which he took the character of Luke Fielding. This was one of his great successes, yet in the line of English comedies he was a master in every play in which he took part. In Shakespeare's plays his favorite character was Hamlet, but he was equally at home in all.

We need not sigh for the old barn-like theater, with its pit (now called parquet) seated with backless benches, and its boxes raised a little above, the only difference in the seats being that the boxes had backs to the benches. This was called the family circle, while another tier higher was the heaven of the gallery gods, who could raise the necessary quarter to pay for admission. There were no fancy prices in those days, for fifty cents was the highest paid for the best seat among the *élite*.

And then what a company of players. John Nickerson, besides being a manager of rare ability, was one of the finest comedians on the stage. His accomplished daughter, Charlotte Nickerson, seemed to be equal to any role, and her sweet, pleasant face and graceful manners to her audience always won for her admiration and unstinted applause. This queen of the stage married an editor (don't you feel sorry for her now even at this late date to think that she would abandon her great career to become the happy wife of an editor)—and from that time on was not on the bill in the Hamilton theater. There were younger sisters who took her place, but never filled it.

Peter Richings and his adopted daughter, Caroline, were among the actors who graced the boards in the old barn; and such plays as they presented will forever be a pleasant memory to the old-time auditors. Don't you remember the play of *Extremes*, with Dan Flagg, a Hamilton printer, as the comical darkey? Poor Dan had talent, but he drowned it in the flowing bowl. Then there was Tom McIntosh, one of the thespians of the *Hamilton Herald* (now the *Times*), who was an amateur actor of merit. He was always ready to lend his ability to his old friend Nickerson on benefit occasions, etc.

We might mention Peters and Petrie and Miss Phillips, and the grand galaxy of good actors that belonged to Nickerson's stock company, every one of whom would rank as a star nowadays.

Parcel Post Packages.

The attention of postmasters is called to the fact that no parcel can be sent from Canada to any other country by parcel post, unless it bear a Customs declaration setting forth the nature of its contents and its value. As the acceptance by a postmaster of a parcel addressed to any other country, and not provided with a Customs declaration, will result in its being sent to the Dead Letter Office, postmasters are specially directed not to accept such parcels without the Customs declaration.

Last week's edition of SATURDAY NIGHT was entirely sold out early on Saturday morning. Newsdealers and others sending in for extra copies were unable to procure them. The same thing has occurred for several weeks past, although the number of papers printed has been largely increased. To the reader we would say that the way to the safe course is to subscribe direct to the office, or through a newsdealer, and to the newsdealer we would say, increase your orders in advance.

"I think the Dominion Government tried to be smart in its answer to the request to equip the Toronto schoolboys drill corps for the trip to Tampa," said Jenkins. "Why so?" he was asked. "Well, the government replied that it would supply nothing but belts. Now the weather in Florida may be pleasant and all that, but belts, nothing but belts. I shan't let my son go. I can tell you that."

"The German emperor," said the shoe clerk boarder, "seems to be carrying things by storm." "Yes," assented the Cheerful Idiot, "he reigns and blows."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

The

The Actors and Actresses Who Walked the Boards in Toronto and Hamilton in the Fifties.

BY AN OLD STAGER.

DESPATCHES tell of the death of Charles W. Coudock, one of the old-time actors. The Hamiltonian who lived here (writes An Old Stager in the *Hamilton Herald*) away back in the fifties will remember him when he played in an old barn, that was fitted up as a theater, on the corner of John and Rebecca streets. John Nickerson was the lessee of a theater in Toronto, and he also was the manager of the Hamilton barn. While the interior of the old theater was not attractive to the eye, nor yet the most comfortable place on a cold winter night, yet the attractions on the stage were always of the highest class. The old stagers regret the degeneracy of the stage as we have it in the present day. In the days of John Nickerson and his stock company of star actors, Hamilton audiences were served with the best English comedies of the old school interspersed with the more scholarly tragedies of Shakespeare. While Coudock was not a member of the stock company, yet he never failed to come to Hamilton during the theatrical season, and his coming always filled the barn-like theater with Hamilton's better class of citizens. Coudock was a young man then, not more than forty, and it was the beginning of his career that has been crowned with professional success. He made more than one fortune during his long career, but the money slipped away from him about as easy as he made it. His great play away back in the 50's, and which always filled the theater every night it was on the boards, was Willow Cope—on the line with Hazel Kirke—in which he took the character of Luke Fielding. This was one of his great successes, yet in the line of English comedies he was a master in every play in which he took part. In Shakespeare's plays his favorite character was Hamlet, but he was equally at home in all.

We need not sigh for the old barn-like theater, with its pit (now called parquet) seated with backless benches, and its boxes raised a little above, the only difference in the seats being that the boxes had backs to the benches. This was called the family circle, while another tier higher was the heaven of the gallery gods, who could raise the necessary quarter to pay for admission. There were no fancy prices in those days, for fifty cents was the highest paid for the best seat among the *élite*.

And then what a company of players. John Nickerson, besides being a manager of rare ability, was one of the finest comedians on the stage. His accomplished daughter, Charlotte Nickerson, seemed to be equal to any role, and her sweet, pleasant face and graceful manners to her audience always won for her admiration and unstinted applause. This queen of the stage married an editor (don't you feel sorry for her now even at this late date to think that she would abandon her great career to become the happy wife of an editor)—and from that time on was not on the bill in the Hamilton theater. There were younger sisters who took her place, but never filled it.

Peter Richings and his adopted daughter, Caroline, were among the actors who graced the boards in the old barn; and such plays as they presented will forever be a pleasant memory to the old-time auditors. Don't you remember the play of *Extremes*, with Dan Flagg, a Hamilton printer, as the comical darkey? Poor Dan had talent, but he drowned it in the flowing bowl. Then there was Tom McIntosh, one of the thespians of the *Hamilton Herald* (now the *Times*), who was an amateur actor of merit. He was always ready to lend his ability to his old friend Nickerson on benefit occasions, etc.

We might mention Peters and Petrie and Miss Phillips, and the grand galaxy of good actors that belonged to Nickerson's stock company, every one of whom would rank as a star nowadays.

Parcel Post Packages.

The attention of postmasters is called to the fact that no parcel can be sent from Canada to any other country by parcel post, unless it bear a Customs declaration setting forth the nature of its contents and its value. As the acceptance by a postmaster of a parcel addressed to any other country, and not provided with a Customs declaration, will result in its being sent to the Dead Letter Office, postmasters are specially directed not to accept such parcels without the Customs declaration.

Last week's edition of SATURDAY NIGHT was entirely sold out early on Saturday morning. Newsdealers and others sending in for extra copies were unable to procure them. The same thing has occurred for several weeks past, although the number of papers printed has been largely increased. To the reader we would say that the way to the safe course is to subscribe direct to the office, or through a newsdealer, and to the newsdealer we would say, increase your orders in advance.

"I think the Dominion Government tried to be smart in its answer to the request to equip the Toronto schoolboys drill corps for the trip to Tampa," said Jenkins. "Why so?" he was asked. "Well, the government replied that it would supply nothing but belts. Now the weather in Florida may be pleasant and all that, but belts, nothing but belts. I shan't let my son go. I can tell you that."

"The German emperor," said the shoe clerk boarder, "seems to be carrying things by storm." "Yes," assented the Cheerful Idiot, "he reigns and blows."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

New York, Southampton (London) Bremen
Sail, Dec. 13; Kaiser Wm. der Gro. 8, Jan. 3.
Sail, Jan. 10; Kaiser Wm. der Gro. 8, Jan. 17.
Kaiser Wm. der Gro. 8, largest and fastest ship in the world.
First saloon, \$75 up; second saloon \$15.75 to \$60.

New York—Bremen
Wilm. H. H. Steier, Dec. 29
Oldenburg, Dec. 22; Stuttgart, Jan. 5

MEDITERRANEAN NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

Ar. Gib. Naples Genoa
Lv. New York, Dec. 10, Dec. 21, Dec. 22, Dec. 23
Aug. Victoria, Dec. 10, Dec. 21, Dec. 22, Dec. 23
Kaiser Wm. II, Dec. 17, Dec. 28, Dec. 29, Dec. 30
Aller, Dec. 17, Dec. 28, Dec. 29, Dec. 30
F. Bismarck, Jan. 4, Jan. 11, Jan. 12, Jan. 13
F. Bismarck, Jan. 4, Jan. 11, Jan. 12, Jan. 13
Ems, Jan. 14, Jan. 20, Jan. 21, Jan. 22
Werra, Jan. 21, Jan. 28, Feb. 2, Feb. 3
Kaiser Wm. II, Jan. 28, Feb. 8, Feb. 9, Feb. 10
Aller, Feb. 4, Feb. 12, Feb. 13, Feb. 14
F. Bismarck, Feb. 11, Feb. 19, Feb. 20, Feb. 21

Ar. Gib. Naples Alex.
Lv. New York, Jan. 1, Jan. 12, Jan. 13, Jan. 14
F. Bismarck, Jan. 1, Jan. 12, Feb. 18, Feb. 22
Aller, Feb. 12, Feb. 18, Feb. 19, Feb. 22

ORIENTAL CRUISE—S.S. Auguste Victoria
will leave New York Jan. 31, calling at Gibral-
tar, Algeria, Italy, Malta, Egypt, Palestine,
Turkey and Greece—67 days. Special accom-
modation. Ask for beautiful illus-
trated Mediterranean book. Berth served
in advance.
Barlow Cumberland, 72 Yonge St. Toronto

AMERICAN LINE

New York—Southampton—London
Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a.m.
St. Louis, Dec. 7; St. Louis, Dec. 28
Paris, Dec. 14; Paris, Dec. 25
St. Paul, Dec. 21; St. Paul, Jan. 11

RED STAR LINE

New York—Antwerp
Every Wednesday at 12 noon.
Noordland, Dec. 7; Friesland, Dec. 21
Aragonia, Dec. 14; Friesland, Dec. 28
These steamers carry only second and third-
class passengers at low rates.
International Navigation Company
Piers 14 and 15 North River
Office, 6 Bowling Green, N. Y.
Barlow Cumberland, 72 Yonge St., Toronto

Passages to England

Express and moderate rate ships to South of
England and through the English Channel.
Apply for sailings and rates to
BARLOW CUMBERLAND
Steamship Agent, 72 Yonge Street, Toronto

STEAMSHIP and
TOURIST TICKETS

Issued by various lines to all parts of the world.
R. M. MELVILLE
Cor. Toronto and Adelaide Sts.
Telephone 2010

Anecdotal.

An Episcopal bishop took his daughter to a convention, a guileless, unworried girl, unused to the ways of cities. She dined out with some friends one evening, and when a glass of wine was poured out for her she drank it. She was not used to drinking wine of any kind, and her hostess, knowing this, presently said: "I hope the wine won't affect you." The girl smiled happily. "Oh, yes," said she, "I am conscious of a feeling due to the wine, but—but I don't find it at all annoying."

An English clergyman was walking through the outskirts of his parish one evening, when he saw one of his parishioners very busy whitewashing his cottage. The parson, pleased at these somewhat novel signs of cleanliness, called out, "Well, Jones, I see you are making your house nice and smart." With a mysterious air, Jones, who had recently taken the house, descended the ladder and slowly walked to the hedge which separated the garden from the road. "That's not 'actly the reason why I'm doing this 'ere job," he whispered, "but the last two couples who lived in this 'ere cottage 'ad twins; so I says to my missus, 'I'll take an' whitewash the place, so as there mayn't

KAHNERT & HERUD

MANUFACTURING

High-Class Furriers



A glance at our furs will convince you that we are able to suit you. We don't make a specialty of low-grade furs, but our lower-priced articles show the same elegance and style as our more expensive ones. Our

Seal and Persian
Lamb Jackets

are perfect in every respect. Our Electric Seal Jackets take the lead. They are unequalled in workmanship, and our heavy material assures the wear of them. Any possible repairs are guaranteed free of charge for two seasons. The price is \$45.00, 25 inches long. In Capelines we have a variety in styles and combinations. Alaska Seal and Persian Lamb Capelines made of choice material, \$25.00 and up. Electric Seal, plain or combination, \$30.00 and up.

KAHNERT & HERUD

Tel. 8107 80 Yonge Street

Fourth door North of King.

be no infection. Ye see, sir, 'ow we got ten of 'em already."

Joseph Jefferson, at a recent dinner in New York, said that when called upon for a certain speech in New Haven, Billy Florence once delivered himself thus: "It is here, and to you, ladies and gentlemen, that I owe my present success in my profession. We knew each other when boys and girls. We played marbles together under the shadow of the old church, and now to receive this warm welcome from old friends—what can I say? Simply that I never can forget the people of Hartford." A man in the front row said: "This is New Haven, Mr. Florence." "I mean New Haven, of course," said Florence gravely.

A certain Archbishop of Dublin was, toward the end of his life, afflicted by an absent-mindedness that often led to startling developments. In the midst of a dinner given by the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the company was startled by seeing the Archbishop rise from his seat looking pale and agitated, and crying: "It has come, it has come!" "What has come, your Grace?" eagerly cried half a dozen voices from different parts of the table. "What I have been expecting for some years—a stroke of paralysis," solemnly answered the Archbishop. "I have been pinching myself for the last two minutes, and find my leg entirely without sensation." "Pardon me, my dear Archbishop," said the hostess, looking up to him with a quizzical smile, "pardon me for contradicting you, but it is me you have been pinching!"

A Vague Locality.

A Voice That is Still—Some Table Decorations—A Little Christmas Shopper.

THE sweet bye and bye has been long a region full of saccharine possibilities, of which good people have howled and warbled when one wanted to enjoy a quiet Sunday, but there is a new country on the map of the poet's dreamland, and I present it to anyone of an adventurous and Christopher Columbus stripe with due respect and bewilderment. The Borneless Beyond is the very latest. Do you want to go?

One of the voices of Gotham is stilled. It was a voice which respected neither slumber, nerves nor midday tranquillity. It rattled out its startling message and a thousand echoes repeated it, but it is hushed now. They have put rubber tires on the New York fire-engines! They tried one the other day and it proved a great success. Hereafter the song of the bells will be the only warning added to the tremendous frantic beat of the horses' hoofs on the cobbles and the asphalt, as the engine flashes past with half-clothed men clinging on by their eyebrows as they wriggle into waterpools and struggle into long boots. For even such a slight amelioration of the din, folks are grateful. It's a move in the right direction.

Someone has written for hints on table decoration. It is possible to obtain minute and artistic directions from books specially written on the subject, but I conclude that my correspondent either cannot or will not avail herself of their instructions. The first thing to consider in table decoration is not the expense; very beautiful effects can be secured with very small expenditure if the effect is kept steadily in view. The size and shape of the table comes first. You cannot build a cartwheel decoration, which is so dainty and simple, on anything but a round table, neither are ribbons suspended effective except on a circular board. You can seat more persons at a round table; therefore, for your large dinners have a great circle made, to rest on your ordinary oblong extension table. For the circle are festoonings of smilax, strands radiating from a center to the outer festoons to form spokes of the wheel conceit, a six-pointed star for a table of twelve or twenty-four, a five-pointed for fifteen, ten, or twenty. For these close strands of smilax, autumn leaves or violets and their foliage have been beautifully employed. The centerpiece on any table should never be a barricade between guests seated *vis-a-vis*, unless for some reason you wish to shut one from the view of the other. And whatever your centerpiece is, have it good of its kind; cheap silk, bargain day satin, tumbled chiffon or musy embroidery are too often seen, when a plain well-ironed damask cloth would be much more refined and pretty. Beshy of ribbons unless you can afford rich good ones. Cheap ribbons are detestably vulgar. For a long table a high central epergne with candelabra at either end is the usual decoration. You must have something pronounced to take off the lunch-counter look of the long narrow board. Solitaire glasses with their one rich bloom may be used at round or square tables, but never at a long narrow one. The effect is terribly monotonous. Shades, candles and color of decorations and flowers should correspond. Don't try to have Meteor roses and red candles and shades with Dresden china candelabra. The vivid crimson will kill your dainty Dresden pinks and blues and creams. A vivid color shows well with a good deal of crystal. Silver-glass beautifully also with the deep red. A silver basket of Meteor roses is delightful; a white and gold one is inexpressibly tawdry. Little things make or mar the effect of table decoration. A slab of good plate mirror with green chiffon border, and grasses and irises or water lilies is most effective, but not if it reflects a gasolier. It must lie on a table lighted from side brackets and candlesticks with pale green shades and candles. A bright dinner table may be done in yellow, the cloth with lace insertion over yellow silk, the center of white and gold embroidery or chiffon softly crinkled, the chandelier shrouded in gold-colored silk shades or crepe paper ones, for the light must flood the yellow table from above. The brilliant yellow of chrysanthemums is the one for this table. Ribbons may form a radius

and the ends be cut in long single points. The menu cards and name cards are in white and gold, and Venetian wine glasses and claret jugs decorated with gold are elegant touches. Claret, by the way, seems out of tint—champagne is the wine for the yellow table. Pink is the tint for the young folks' dinner, white and green for the debutante's feast. Holly and ivy for Xmas festivities with red and green ribbons. Blue is not often used; combined with pink, with French effect in true lover's knots, it is *de rigueur* for that happy spread given in honor of the betrothal of the son or daughter of the house.

To-day I met the little maid doing her Christmas shopping. She was starting early, because the shops were not crowded, and her small purse was snugly tucked away in her small pocket, and she clung to her small mother's arm and studied out possibilities in a very matronly way. I think it must be good for the youngsters to let them work these things out themselves; it is certainly a great delight to them, as even after all these years I can remember. The cogitations, the impulses, the hesitations, the second thoughts, the repentances when some other more delightful object came into view too late! We had no bargain faces then. It never occurred to us to buy cheap things. Cheap and nasty was a tradition of the small person to whose arm we should have clung, like my little maid of to-day, had it not been the fashion for small girls to keep their distance. I can fancy the dignified withdrawal of the small person had I pushed my fat hand through her primly set arms, when we went shopping together. I should have been turned down in very short order, and made to feel myself a little and a little of the most pronounced hue. LADY GAY.

The Wonderful World.

W. B. RAND.

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World. With the wonderful water 'round you curled. And the wonderful grass upon your breast—World, you are beautifully dressed.

The wonderful air is over me. And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree. It walks on the water, and whirls the mills. And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You friendly Earth! how far do you go. With the wheat fields that nod and the rivers that flow.

With cities, and gardens, and cliffs, and lakes. And people upon you for thousands of miles!

Al, you are so great, and I am so small. I tremble to think of you, World, at all. And yet, when I said my prayers to-day. A whisper inside me seemed to say:

"You are more than the earth, though you are such a dot; You can love and think, and the Earth can not!"

The New York Four Hundred.

MATRIMONIAL TANGLES.

THE mix-up caused by the many matrimonial entanglements of the elect of the fashionable world is nowhere shown to such disadvantage as during the week devoted to the exhibition—ostensibly—of horsemanship, but in reality of the men and women who figure prominently in the fashionable world of the first city of America, says a writer in a New York paper.

There was a time—not so many years ago, either—when all the world knew who the great social leaders of New York were. The first Horse Show, for example, occurred when the reign of Mrs. William Astor was absolutely undisputed.

The Astors in those simple days stood for everything that was fine and dignified, and Mrs. William Astor was admittedly the grande dame of society. People went to look at the Astors in their box at the Horse Show very much as the English public goes to gaze upon sacred royalty. Next to the Astors came the Belmonts. Then the Vanderbilts, Mrs. Willie K. in the lead, and acknowledged to be a possible rival of the women of the Astor family.

The Belmonts and Astors were very intimate at this time. Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont was Miss Sallie Whiting.

There were no divorces in good society, and no unpleasant matrimonial complications ever reached the ears of the commoners.

Indeed, Mrs. Paron Stevens, who was society godmother for many and many an aspirant, and very liberal in her views, declared that she would undertake to successfully launch any fairly well educated woman into good society, provided she had plenty of money and there was no divorce in her history.

"No divorce will ever make a society leader in this country," said Mrs. Stevens for a few months before she died. Ward McAllister made practically the same assertion. In fact, he was more decisive, for he said "it would destroy society were

a married divorcee ever to be accepted as a leader."

In the old days the exclusive set—occupying the choice boxes and seats at the Horse Show—gave one the feeling of the happy reunion of a large, united and most affectionate family.

Everybody knew everyone else, and Astors, Vanderbilts, Belmonts, Roosevelts, Wilsons, Kernochans, Whitings, Riveses, Goets, Careys, Havemeyers, Livingstons, Dodges, Stokeses, Gerrys, De Peysters—all the well known men and women smiled and chatted across their boxes, paid friendly visits and presented a delightful picture of harmony and good will, and an excellent object lesson in amiability and good fellowship to those who came to see.

To-day the picture presented at the horse show is certainly not one uplifting in its moral tone to the masses. Society divided against itself—split up into cliques innumerable—displays a pitiful picture of the wreckage which has been wrought by divorce and discord.

The Astors have apparently retired from the field, and we no longer find Mrs. William Astor—stately and charming—the center of a group of beautiful daughters and distinguished husbands. The Coleman Drayton divorce case must be held accountable for her quasi-retirement.

In place of the Willie K. Vanderbilts chatting gaily with the O. H. P. Belmonts the public was favored during the week of the show with the spectacle of the former Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt (who is now Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont) seated in the box next but one to Mr. Belmont's first wife, who was born Miss Whiting, and is now Mrs. George Rives.

A little further along the Cornelius Vanderbilts—who were formerly Mrs. Willie K.'s relatives in law and supposedly dearest friends—gazed in stony disapproval at the O.H.P. Belmont box.

The feud between the Vanderbilts and Belmonts has entangled most of the prominent social leaders.

The Belmonts so resent Mrs. Vanderbilt's marriage to O. H. P. Belmont that no one who recognizes the Lady Ava, as she is called, need expect to be received by any member of the great Belmont clan. All Vanderbilts, to the second or third generation, are bitter to the extreme limit in their views of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont.

The Wilsons, who were formerly such devoted friends of the Cornelius Vanderbilts, are alienated from that branch of the family because of the marriage of young Cornelius to Grace Wilson, a union which Cornelius, sr., refuses to recognize.

This makes a second division in society, carrying with it the Goetel clan, incidentally involving the Harry Payne Whiteheads, the young Pagets, and all the Webb family, and the Gerrys and Roosevelts, Jays, Kernochans, Hamilton Fishes and Goets.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont is acknowledged to be a woman of tremendous force, and it is thoroughly believed that she has set out in defiance of precepts and also of history to become the most powerful woman, socially, of New York society.

She has two devoted and loyal social adherents, at least. These are Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs.

In declaring themselves partisans of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Oelrichs have been compelled to revise their own visiting lists, for it would be manifestly unpleasant for either of these ladies to run the chance of having to receive the Cornelius Vanderbilts or the Perry Belmonts while Mrs. O. H. P. was also their guest.

There never was such a muddle in "igh society" from a certain point of view, and there is no parallel unless it may be in the condition of the luxurious classes at the time of the Napoleonic directory.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their own order, and under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

BROWNIE—Judging by eight years as correspondence editor I should say, "to know what others think of us." Your writing shows deliberate method, thoughtfulness and a speculative turn of mind, frankness, honesty and practical aims. You are careful in expression, gentle in temper, hopeful and even in disposition. I should not worry any more over what I was, Brownie, if I were you. You are an ordinary, pleasant, inexperienced creature, and it really isn't worth your while doing so.

BARBIE—Say, little one, I don't think you'll ever be a crochety old maid, nor probably a very sedate matron either. There will always be a little twinkle in your eye. You are easily influenced, and like the opposite sex: it is tolerably certain they like you. You have pretty ways, adore pretty things, are bright and decided, love company and chatter freely. Your nature is not quite developed yet. You'll be something nice if you're wise, and bring out the force that I'm sure is hid somewhere.

GLADYS—A very exciting revelation that was. You ought not to tell everything that was. But for the young dame who gets up at noon on Sunday, scribbles off a study and immediately falls to and devours dumplings, one mustn't say too much. In fact, in consideration of the decided crudeness of the study I won't say a thing.

CORSCIA—So they were, my boy! Your study is excellent. Dash and decision, constancy and vitality, pride, perhaps of birth, sensible mind, careful method, discretion, honesty and truth are yours.

ENQUETE—It is not necessary to leave your card when you attend the reception. You call afterwards, and whether you attend it or not. The ticket enclosed admits you to the church, and is the only way to avoid an irresponsible crowd and its comments, which the bride's people can adopt. Don't be silly about it, that's a good soul.

INNOCENT ANNE—L. A bal poudre means simply a dance at which the regulations require the ladies to wear powder on their hair.

We are making a specialty this season of FUR-LINED OVERCOATS, having imported special cloths for the purpose and carefully selected a choice range of furs for linings and trimmings. The prices are moderate. We will be glad to give quotations by mail, or to show the cloths and furs to anyone calling on us.

A coat of this kind makes a handsome Christmas present.

Bilton Bros

The Dealer

Makes a great big profit when he sells you an imitation of Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum.

Adams' Tutti Frutti

is made from pure chicle gum, and there is no other gum "just as good" or half so good.

"Where Ignorance Is Bliss"

It's foolish to buy Windsor Salt, but if you study the salt question you will easily see why it's folly to remain ignorant when buying salt. Windsor Salt is an absolutely pure, dry, refined, crystallized table salt, and is sold at the same price as inferior salt.

The Windsor Salt Co. Limited WINDSOR, Ont.



The Famous Mineral Salt Baths

OF ST. CATHARINES
Canada's greatest, and Toronto's leading Physiotherapist and first (and only) scientific palist in the city. Large reception rooms and private office at his residence, 404 Jarvis St.
Patronized by the nobility and elite from every part of the world. Open till 10 p.m.

PROF. O'BRIEN
Canada's greatest, and Toronto's leading Physiotherapist and first (and only) scientific palist in the city. Large reception rooms and private office at his residence, 404 Jarvis St.
Patronized by the nobility and elite from every part of the world. Open till 10 p.m.

WE have a...
NEW MACHINE for doing up Chintz
The latest material for Curtains, Loose Cover, etc.
SMITH'S TORONTO DYE WORKS
Tel. 3271 106 KING ST. WEST

Vim
Dr. Ward's Blood & Nerve Pills.
FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

WHIRLWIND
CARPET TAKEN UP, CLEANED, AND RE-LAID.
Cor. Bloor and Manning Avenue
Phone 5530 R. P. POWELL, Proprietor.

CORN CURE
A sure cure without pain - 25 Cents
W. H. LEE, Chemist & Druggist
Cor. Church and Wellesley Streets

Watch

the sparkling life of MONSOON TEA as you pour it from the pot into the cup. Its precious liquor seems to thrill with strength—and the dainty fragrance which it spreads about the table is just a foretaste of the rich, ripe Monsoon relish which you imbibe with each refreshing sip.

MONSOON
INDO-CEYLON TEA

MONSOON TEA Sold in lead packets only, 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c.

Hints to Conversation.

Some Side Questions.

READERS of the newspapers and magazines frequently come across articles dealing with the question of keeping boys on the farms, and various theories are aired from time to time, as to why it is that young men flock to towns, and as to how this tendency might be cured. It is quite apparent to nearly all of us that some day the people of North America will be in a bad way unless farming, as an occupation, regains favor. That young men leave the farm and endure a great deal of worry for very little reward is shown in a story of a man who, after twelve years' absence, asked a country postmaster about his boys.

"Well, was the answer, 'Jack, my oldest boy, he's a minister without a pulpit. Fred, the next one, he's a lawyer without a client, and William, the third one, he's a teacher without any school. But I've got some hopes of Sam, the youngest of the lot,' said the head of the family with commendable cheerfulness. 'He's set out to be a farmer without any land; but he's hired out a piece and worked it to halves, and we ate vegetables off it all summer. I paid him for supplying our family, and when he'd settled his bill for what he put into the ground to start with, he had within fifty cents of what he owed the boy that had helped him hoe and so on all summer. And I handed him over that fifty cents with a real light heart, and told him he needn't ever think of it again. Yes, his mother and I feel to be encouraged about Sam; we think in the course of time he'll make a likely farmer.'

The value of the ability to write a good letter was accentuated a few weeks ago at the opening of a leading college. "Give this applicant," said the dean, "the best room available, and seat her at my own table. I should be proud to have written her note myself; it lifts her out of the impersonality of one of the new girls into the personality of one of the new girls into a young woman I shall welcome as a friend." Another example of epistolary triumph comes from a recent biographer of Carlyle. The author's library had been papered and furnished to his entire satisfaction, but on the third day a young lady next door began to practice on her piano-forte. Another upheaval, involving the tearing down of a partition and the building of a new chimney, to fit up a new library in a distant part of the house, seemed inevitable. Suddenly Carlyle snatched a paper and wrote so seductively a note to the young stranger that she readily agreed never to play until after two o'clock in the afternoon. It is reported that letter-writing is out of fashion. This is a mistake. The neat, well-phrased and charming letter has its place in society to-day, and confers distinction upon its author.

Dues a widower, in Quebec, when getting remarried, drive with his bride and the wedding party to the cemetery to place bouquets on the grave of his first wife? It is reported from a New England town where there are a great many French-Canadians, that there the practice is followed. A lady writer reports that on a recent occasion she witnessed such a performance, and states that the wedding party was in gay attire, and returned at a brisk trot, laughing and jolly, the bridegroom wearing on his face "a happy and virtuous smile."

The Archbishop of Canterbury is known as a strong man with a will of iron, and he appears to use his full force on several persons, sometimes. On one occasion a few years ago he was due to preach at a fashionable church in Regent street, when, on arriving at the door of the building, he was astonished to find Mrs. A., an intimate friend of his, in the act of returning to her carriage. "What," asked Dr. Temple, "going away?" "Only because I cannot obtain admittance: the place is full." "Do you really wish to stay?" "I came on purpose." "Then take my arm," Dr. Temple said, and, pressing through the crowd, the strong figure of the future Archbishop was soon before the beadle at the door. In the blandest manner, Dr. Temple said to that functionary, who evidently did not know him, "You will be so good as to give this lady the best seat in the church." "Impossible, sir," said the surprised beadle, "the church is quite full." Dr. Temple merely repeated his request, only more emphatically. "Utterly impossible, sir," replied the guardian of the door. "I tell you the church is quite full." "Oh! but," was the crushing rejoinder, "I won't preach if you don't!" This threat at once showed the beadle how the land lay, and his manner immediately changed. "Oh! I beg your pardon, my lord," he said. "This way, ma'am." And Mrs. A. secured a seat in the churchwarden's luxurious empty pew, while Dr. Temple preached one of the best sermons of his life.

We have grown so very matter-of-fact in these latter days—and especially so, perhaps, in Canada and the United States—that even love-making is not what it seems to have once been. The romantic quality in courtship has been almost entirely removed, the dramatic and passionate avowals that lovers used to make are generally supposed to have given way to a system of bantering by which lovers arrive at "an understanding." The young man makes half-jesting allusions to marriage which, unless plainly resented, are followed by his appearance some evening at a ball, or a tea, or a baseball match, with a ring in his pocket, which he playfully slips on the girl's finger; and she, playfully resisting, jocularly accepts. The betrothal is not a ceremony, but a lark. At the beginning there is no real engagement, no formal, manly avowal, such as a maiden's soul hungers for; it is a travesty on love-making, as the drama and the romance and the human heart teach it to all girls. But this cheap substi-

tute must be accepted by girls of the average class, or they shall get none. Not only love-making, but even the art of flattery is being lost in Canada, and Toronto ladies often say that the best the average man can do in this direction is to indulge in smart impertinences or jocularities. Even the Irish peasant can teach us something of love-making, and a great deal in the way of flattery. "Och, I wish I was in jail for stealin' ye," said a peasant to his colleen. A brot of a boy proposed to Eileen, and as she was already betrothed, she had to refuse him. "Wisha, thin," said he with a sigh, "I wish ye had been born twins, so that I cud have half of yez."

Mr. Hooley seems to have pulled down the roof. Despatches from London say that in the past week the ball of scandal has been set rolling. At many of the more important clubs in London mysterious anonymous letters have been re-

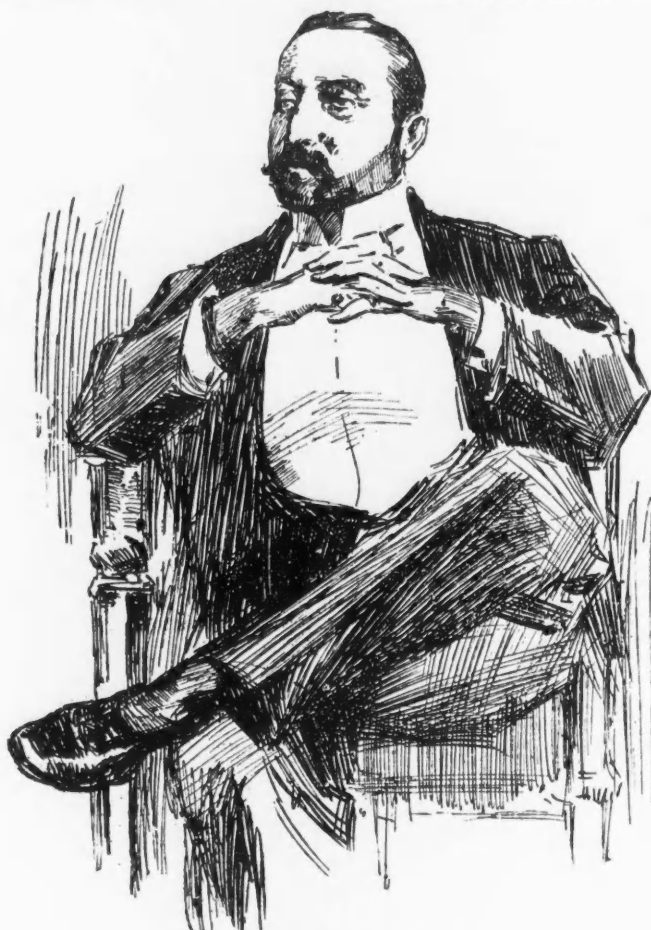
expenditure. If these conditions could be attained in all employments, commercial as well as bureaucratic, then no doubt the possession of a million of money would no longer be worth striving for."

Impromptu Lines Written in The Lady's Album.

Two friends one Sunday evening in July.
To church repaired, The Lady listening wept.
(The night was very wet, the sermon dry.)
The Other One, I must confess it, slept.
On coming out the saddened lady cried—
Vain was his pleading, his excuses vain—
"Don't laugh, you wicked man!" and parting
sighed.

"I'll never go to church with you again,"
E. C. MACKENZIE.

"War is more expensive than it was
two hundred years ago." "Oh, yes, they
didn't have to investigate everything
then."—*Detroit Journal.*



Mr. Hooley, who Bribed and Told.

ceived, in which grave charges have been made against well known personages to the effect that they have been making money out of the honor they enjoy in proposing and seconding candidates. That fearless and perhaps somewhat reckless newspaper devoted to racy gossip, *Modern Society*, goes the length of saying that the sums paid, which are heavy enough, for membership proposal are proportionately increased if the candidature prove successful. The paper says it could name a gentleman well known in society who makes \$10,000 a year merely by nominating men at clubs. At least enough truth has been brought to light to set all tongues wagging, and to make any story sound plausible.

George Bernard Shaw, writing in *The Young Man*, discusses occupations and compares the pleasures of the tinker and the millionaire: "I am not quite sure that I would not rather be a tinker than a millionaire; but I am absolutely certain that I had rather be a millionaire than a struggling small tradesman, or a city clerk with a pound a week and a family, or a London doctor in general practice with less than a thousand a year, or, in short, any of the multitudes of people who have all the cares of the millionaire without his credit or security. On the whole, it seems to me that the most satisfactory pecuniary conditions afforded by our present system are to be found in the civil service. In it there is absolute security of livelihood, an income increasing to an ascertained maximum just when a young married man wants his income to increase, and the social dignity which is only enjoyed in positions where worth is not measured by

Only the young, who have nothing, and the old, who have had everything, can afford the luxury of melancholy.—*Life.*

Coal Dealer—At last I have found an honest man. Hawkins—Well, what of it? You can't use him in your business.—*Life.*

Which girl to love, I can't decide.
My weary soul it vexes;
The one who has the big blue eyes,
Or she who has green X'es.—*Life.*

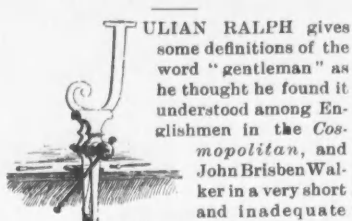
Friend—So the editor sends you his paper free? Poet—Yes; he says I needn't subscribe if I won't contribute any more.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

There are few presents more appreciated during Christmas time than a good photograph of a dear friend or loved one. The art of photography is artistic posing, where every line is grace and every contour effective. This can only be accomplished by a master in the art of reproducing portraits without any affectation, and this is daily being acknowledged by art editors through our periodicals and magazines. J. Fraser Bryce has made a name here and abroad for his groups, miniatures and cabinets, and he is now making special efforts for Xmas commissions. His work is always finished to a high degree of excellence which is unsurpassed by anyone in his profession. In another column will be found a number of specialties he is offering patrons who order now for the coming festivities. His studio is 79 King west, and well worth a visit from those who love masterly technique in the art of photography.

This is the Way of It.

The glycerine in Scott's Emulsion soothes the rough and irritable throat. The hypophosphites tone up the nerves. And the cod-liver oil heals and strengthens the inflamed bronchial tubes and air cells.

What Is a Gentleman?



JULIAN RALPH gives some definitions of the word "gentleman" as he thought he found it understood among Englishmen in the *Cosmopolitan*, and John Brisben Walker in a very short and inadequate

half-page article discusses the question, "What is the American Idea of a Gentleman?" Short as is his treatment of the subject it is not so brief as the reply of a Torontonians who, when asked what makes a man a gentleman in Canada, said: "A swallow-tail coat." But this person was in a bitter state of mind at the time. Julian Ralph says that there are two classes in England that affect little or no respect for the nobility—the considerable body of socialists and a tiny body of cadts. You can suspect both. The Radicals inveigh against the titled class at meetings over which they have not succeeded in getting a nobleman or knight to preside. The cadts affect to despise rank, but follow after titled persons whenever permitted to do so. He does not object to the honours of the English people towards rank, and only complains of those who pretend to be Radicals and Republicans while they are nothing of the sort. "The English all love a lord," he says, but we will let Mr. Ralph tell the rest of it in his own way:

I was at Henley once during the regatta, and was in a company that included a lord. We were rowing in several boats, and the lord, who was ahead, took the wrong route around an island. The ladies in my boat bade me call to him to come back. "But what shall I call?" I asked; "shall I yell 'My lord!'" "Oh, for heaven's sake, no," said one; "if you call him a lord out loud the whole mob of people on the river bank will gape at him. But do call him something, quick." So I called as I would have done in America: "I say, Campbell, not that way." Afterward I told him of my plight and he said, "What you did, was exactly the thing."

"Why would they have gaped you if I had called you a lord?" I asked. "Because," said he, "they would not have believed I was one, or they would have thought you were advertising me. They would have known something was wrong."

At a great university I was breakfasting at the table of the faculty. Several exceptionally bright members were around the table and we were all very merry and at ease. Suddenly a professor entered, evidently excited, and said: "Lord Bulwark (a famous man and member of the government) is here. He was put up in young So-and-So's room by the dean last night. He'll be in to breakfast in a minute."

This lord was a graduate of that college and was down there for what we call the commencement exercises. His mere presence spoiled the breakfast and comfort of half the faculty, so greatly did they hold him in awe.

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed one professor. "That cheats me out of my breakfast. I'll gulp this coffee down and get out."

"Why do you want to go away?" asked the man next to him.

"Oh, I shan't be comfortable. I think I'll slip away."

"I'll go, too," said another.

"And I too," said a third.

Only three of us remained, and we went on talking. The subject was the American presidential contest. The door opened to let in the dean and a man with a large, round, pleasant face.

"What you don't understand," said I, "is that we elect a platform rather than a man. It doesn't matter much what McKinley's views were or are about silver or anything else. He must accept the platform of the convention that nominated him and he must abide by it."

"Why, that's quite new," said the big man, who was of course the expected Cabinet Minister. "May I be introduced to this gentleman?" This being done, he added, "I should like to hear more about that. We think we elect platforms or policies here, and sometimes find out our mistake. But there are many things I should like to ask you."

After that he fell into the conversation, and as he told me much that was important about affairs in which his government and mine were concerned, I imagine the talk was interesting on both sides. He acted and talked like a sensible, modest,

The Celebrated India Pale Ale and Stout of John Labatt

can be purchased from all dealers in Wines and Liquors at the SAME PRICE AS OTHER DOMESTIC ALES.

When ordering, specify "LABATT'S," and insist on having what you order.

A Natural Curve
S.H. & M.
Bias Brush Edge Skirt Binding.
"Around thy skirt is put a beautiful girdle bound to last."
Strength — the Samson and Sandow of Skirt Binding—durability and long wear unmatched and never before possible—"S. H. & M." combined with an indestructible extra thick brush edge.
Looks — an everlasting, soft, exquisite richness, which neither rain nor mud nor wear can corrupt.
Fit — rounded in a natural curve that fits the dress without a pucker or a wrinkle anywhere—seems as though it was a part of the skirt-fabric, so smoothly does it fit in protecting grace and strengthful beauty.
"S. H. & M." is stamped on the Back of Every Yard.
If your dealer will not supply you, we will.
The "S. H. & M." Co., 24 Front St., W. Toronto, Ont.

SUBSTITUTION THE FRAUD OF THE DAY

See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand

CARTER'S Little Liver Pills

The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other, even if solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of same colored wrapper—RED.

BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S

DON'T SHOVEL YOUR DOLLARS
into your stoves without getting good results. Can't get good results from poor COAL.
That's sure. If you come to us you will get the very best coal in the market. It's perfectly screened. It's free from all coal impurities, burns up to fine ashes. Prices fluctuate. So you had better buy now while they're low. We deliver anywhere in the city promptly. Shall we book your order?
P. BURNS & CO., 38 King St. East

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO.
LIMITED
BREWERS AND MALSTERS
Manufacturers of the Celebrated
WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE... ALES
The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

plain man, and I treated him as I would wish to treat a casual acquaintance anywhere—on an omnibus or in a drawing-room. Hours afterward he saw me in the college grounds and came up and asked me to visit him in London. We drew aside and talked again for a while. To me this was all quite natural and commonplace, but not so to the others.

But what a marked change it made in my environment! I had come there as the acquaintance of one gentleman and now I found myself the friend of all the college. "His Lordship invited you to visit him, didn't he?" "You had a talk with Lord Bulwark, didn't you?" "I hear you have greatly interested Lord Bulwark!" Everyone brought this up, and everyone, including those who had scarcely noticed me before, was anxious to do me every kindness. Believe me, admiration for royalty and the nobility is bred in the bone in England. And precisely as a man who feels that he is a gentleman renders homage to a higher rank, so he prizes his own standing.

"What's that button you're wearing?" asked the young thing; "not Sons of the

American Revolution?" "No," said the major; "I should think not. I'm proud of that button. It is the insignia, the outward and visible sign of the largest military society in the United States." "What's its name?" "Society of the First Man up San Juan Hill."—*Philadelphia Press.*

BEAUTY IS POWER

Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers, Foul's Arsenic Soap and Foul's Arsenic Cream are the most wonderful preparations in the world for the complexion. They remove Pimples, Freckles, and all other blemishes. See Jan. Redness, Oiliness, and all other blemishes. These Preparations brighten and beautify the complexion as no other remedies can. Each box contains 100 wafers, 100 bars of soap, and 100 tubes of cream. Address all mail orders to H.B. FOUL, 144 Yonge St., Toronto. Sold by all Druggists in Canada.

PREMIER BREWERY OF CANADA



One of the most complete breweries on the continent. Capacity, 165,000 barrels annually. Equipped with the most modern plant, including a De La Vergne Refrigerating Machine, 75 H. P., with water tower in connection; a 30 H. P. electric dynamo for lighting brewery and running several motors; a large water filter—capacity, 2,000 gallons per hour, through which water, after passing, is absolutely pure and is used in all brewings. Our improved facilities enable us to guarantee our products. European and American experts have pronounced our establishment and products equal to the best in their respective countries. Large Malt House and Storage in connection.

The O'Keefe Brewery Co.
OF TORONTO, Limited

Hygienic Shoes

Ladies why crowd your feet with ill-fitting shoes, when you can secure "Hygienic Shoes," the embodiment of ease, comfort and grace.

H. & C. BLACHFORD

114 Yonge St.

THE WEEKLY SUN

SWORN CIRCULATION 11,703.

Do you read Comments on Current Events by "Bystander"? They are the most widely quoted articles in Canada. You secure the original articles full and complete by subscribing to The Weekly Sun at 50 cents per year.

Do You Like Independent Editorial?

Are You Fond of Complete Short Stories?

THEN SUBSCRIBE TO THE WEEKLY SUN.

Address—**THE WEEKLY SUN,**
26 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

Music.

Dr. Charles Vincent, the eminent English composer who recently visited Canada, has written to a London music journal his impressions of the musical life in this country as noted by him during his brief sojourn amongst us. I regret that lack of space prevents the use of his entire article, but the following extracts will probably be of greatest general interest: "During my recent short visit to Canada I met many of the chief musicians in the Dominion, and was enabled to form some idea as to the general state of music in Canada. . . . Traveling westward one finds the proportion of English-speaking people gradually increasing—at Montreal, which is a beautiful and important city of 300,000 inhabitants, I should think one-fifth are British. Montreal is a city of churches; I do not think I have ever seen such a fine collection of ecclesiastical buildings in any city of this size. I must give a word of praise to the Canadians for their organs, and was much impressed by their size, quality of tone, and modern appliances. They are French in character, and display much ingenuity. . . . Toronto is a much more English city than either of the others, the population being chiefly British. At Ottawa it is fairly evenly divided; the farther West one goes the more British the population is. Toronto is a very active place, musically speaking. Mr. Torrington, organist of the Metropolitan church, the pioneer of music into this city, is the principal of the Toronto College, an active, well conducted institution which has turned out some excellent musicians. The Toronto Conservatory is a magnificent building, with fine concert hall and modern organ—the principal of this institution being Mr. E. Fisher. . . . During my stay in Montreal there was a convocation of Church of England clergymen, and I had the pleasure of meeting several, and have undertaken to send out for one of these gentlemen, a young organist of ability—for whom there would be a good opening. I can recommend this place to a well trained earnest gentlemanly young musician who wishes to succeed in one of the finest countries in the world, and shall be glad to hear from such an one. The musicians of Canada, one and all, are very much exercised at the introduction by the Associated Board of a teacher's diploma, the syllabus for which appears to be of a very low grade. I have written on this subject in the November number of the official journal of the Incorporated Society of Musicians, therefore need not go into the matter now. I was decidedly impressed by the music and musicians of Canada, and can assure the powers that be in England that Canadians do not require or desire any lowering of syllabus or standard."

Notwithstanding that statistical reports of Wagnerian performances in Germany and elsewhere prove that the works of the mighty genius of Bayreuth are constantly increasing in popular favor, there still remain a certain type of musical sapheads who are ready to declare that the cause of Wagner's music is doomed. Once upon a time a man named Rowbotham wrote a long article to prove that the Wagner bubble had burst—especially in London. It was some time afterward that Mr. Grau gave Der Ring des Nibelungen without cuts at Covent Garden. He is going to do the same thing in New York. Nevertheless that Wagner bubble has burst again, in Chicago, with a loud report. The proof of the explosion is taken from a Chicago journal of polite literature: "During the somewhat acrimonious and protracted family discussion between Wotan and Fricka last evening Herr Alt-schule, who had escaped to the Auditorium bar, expatiated at great length on the deficiency of Herr Grau to exacting Cook county taste. 'You will remember,' he said, 'that it was the intention, as per previous advertisements, to repeat Lohengrin next Tuesday evening, but such a storm of adverse popular criticism was raised that the management very properly decided to withdraw this tedious work and substitute therefor the world-renowned and immortal masterpiece, Martha. Thus is the old saw of vox populi, etc., vindicated. It must be apparent to everybody,' he continued, 'that despite the outpouring this evening the interest in Wagner opera is steadily declining. It is absurd to suppose that our romantic age and generation can be absorbed by the antics of a vicious and ridiculously henpecked old god like Wotan, who resembles nothing more closely than a bewhiskered Kansas populist, and whose long pow-wows and washing of the family linen are wearisome in the extreme. How much more to the public taste are the sweet and sympathetic strains of the idyllic Martha, with its pure picture of romantic love and its fascinating study of emotional insanity. Happily the public wishes must be considered, and the detestment of that tiresome old Wotan, Wagner, is now assured. Valhalla is burning and the twilight of the gods has come!'"

Mr. Gericke's return to Boston to conduct the famous Symphony Orchestra of that city has given occasion for the leading critics of the Hub and New York to indulge in considerable comment as to relative merits of this, that or the other "virtuoso" conductor who may have held forth in the two cities mentioned during recent years. Seidl, Nikisch, Paer, Thomas, and others are all reviewed in turn, but the opinion seems to prevail that the greatest degree of technical finish and proficiency has been shown by the men now again under Gericke's baton, although there appears to be an equally strong opinion prevalent that this great drillmaster lacks most decidedly in other elements which should enter into the interpretation of the music he conducts with such admirable smoothness. Mr. W. J. Henderson, the learned music critic of the New York Times, in moralizing upon modern worship of virtuosity in orchestral conducting, says: "That the return of Mr. Gericke to Boston and the advent of Mr. Paer in New York will cause much comment, caustic or costly, is

beyond doubt. These are the days of conductor-worship. The man who stands with his back impolitely turned upon an attentive audience and waves a little stick is the recipient of adulation second only to that bestowed upon tenors with smorzando effects in their eyes, prima donnas with flawless timbre in their diamonds, and pianists with hair like football-players. So many people seem to think that it all comes out of the little stick—the soaring song of the violins, the organ-like breathing of the wood-wind, the pealing challenge of the brass, and the throbbing rhythm of the drums. It all comes out of the little stick, and the creative force is in the conductor. Heaven help the poor composer! He is usually dead, or if not, he lives in Europe. So he does not count."

A correspondent enquires whether there is any truth in the report that Sir Alexander Mackenzie or Sir Arthur Sullivan will visit Canada next summer in the interests of the Associated Board of the R.A.M. and R.C.M. It is extremely unlikely that either of these gentlemen will come to this country, although the profession in Canada, and more particularly those who are opposed to Mr. Aitken's blessed "philanthropy" scheme, most sincerely wish that the field in Canada might be inspected by someone of their standing. Mr. Grinstead, an employee of the concern, some time ago hinted in the public press at the possibility of either Sir Arthur or Sir Alexander coming over last month to "inaugurate" the examinations of the Associated Board here, but, of course, they failed to materialize. It is more than probable that Mr. Aitken himself will appear in June next to personally oversee the operations of his examiners and to inspect and figure on the profits for the year of the sheet music department of the Board in Canada. Our music dealers do not appear to be burdening their shelves with the Board's publications, notwithstanding the honest belief of our old fashioned friend, Mr. Aitken, that his scheme would be a blessing to Canada and that the people of this country should deem it a privilege to be "examined" by his people. There has been such an element of grotesqueness, not to mention an utter lack of dignity, in the manner in which Mr. Aitken and his employees have introduced their philanthropy business into this country, that the great institutions represented by these gentlemen have not by any means been elevated thereby in the eyes of Canadians. And more's the pity!

The announcement of the resignation of Dr. Edward Fisher from the position which he has held for twenty years with such conspicuous success as organist and choirmaster of St. Andrew's church, King street, will be heard with much surprise by all who have not been aware of the immense pressure of Dr. Fisher's other duties in connection with the oversight and development of the affairs of the Conservatory of Music. The step was reluctantly and regretfully taken by Dr. Fisher, his warm attachment to the appointment and affection for the splendid instrument which, thanks largely to his personal influence and efforts, the congregation now possesses, having moved him to continue his duties at St. Andrew's much longer than would otherwise have been the case. Much regret is felt by the congregation of St. Andrew's at Dr. Fisher's decision, after so many years of honorable service. The appointment at St. Andrew's is one of the very best in Canada. One of Warren's finest three-manual organs, with forty-one speaking stops, a church which is, acoustically considered, one of the best in the country, and a congregation counting among its members a number of the most prominent and influential citizens of Toronto, will doubtless prove a strong magnet in enabling the congregation to secure a successor to Dr. Fisher who shall be worthy of the appointment.

A delightful evening was spent at Webb's on Monday last by the Toronto Cleft Club and a number of invited friends, the occasion being the second Ladies' Night given under the auspices of the organization. An enjoyable programme of music, in which several prominent members of the club and some of the guests took part, was followed by refreshments and an hour of social intercourse. Dr. Fisher, president of the club, in a few well chosen remarks spoke of the origin and aims of the society, its growth and prospects, and predicted a long and useful career for the organization. The following musical programme was rendered in a manner worthy of the accomplished performers who participated: Beethoven, Trio C Minor Op. 1 (first movement), Mr. Frank S. Welsman, Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson and Mr. Paul Hahn; Blumenthal, Serenade, Mr. J. M. Sherlock; Franz Ries, Adagio, Miss L. Drechsler-Adamson; Massenet, Les Larmes, Depart; Bizet, Habanera (Carmen), Miss Margaret Huston; Padewski, Variations in A Major, Miss Ada E. S. Hart; Bartlett, A Dream, Miss Lash; Adams, The Maid of Malabar, Mr. Rechab Tandy; Liszt, Rhapsodie, No. 12, Mr. Frank S. Welsman, Mr. T. A. Blakeley was the accompanist.

Champions of the Associated Board's speculation in Canada contend that should the Board secure a certain number of candidates here next summer this fact would justify the concern's operations in the Dominion. The same argument might have been employed by Trinity College, Toronto, in its English venture some years ago. At the time when agitation against the Canadian college was strong in England it was enjoying an exceedingly liberal patronage, and the discussion then occupied a large amount of space in English musical journals relative to the ethics of the affair, proved that the Toronto institution had hosts of supporters among the profession in England. This, however, was not considered a sufficient cause, by those who opposed the *in absentia* degree operations of the Canadian College, for the outside examining body to be allowed to conduct business on

English territory. On similar grounds the fact that a certain class here may, and doubtless will, patronize Mr. Aitken's "Imperial Federation" movement, should not be deemed by some of the very gentlemen who opposed Trinity College, Toronto, a justification of the Board's projected movement for our artistic uplifting.

The prospects for a fine performance of Handel's immortal Messiah on Thursday evening next are particularly encouraging. Mr. Torrington reports most satisfactory rehearsal work with the chorus and orchestra, and financially the performance, thanks to the personal canvass and efforts of Mr. Torrington, Mr. Shortt and others, promises a very substantial surplus. Mile. Trebelli, the eminent vocalist, has been announced, and the other supporting artists, chosen from among our leading local singers, will give a good account of themselves and prove by their work the wisdom of Mr. Torrington in choosing them for the exacting solo work of the popular oratorio. It now remains for our citizens to turn out *en masse*, and by their presence encourage Mr. Torrington and all who are taking part in the performance to persevere in the good cause of oratorio in Toronto, and thereby raise this fine art form to the point which it held some years ago in this city as a most important factor in our musical life. The plan of the hall is now open at Massey Hall.

A large audience attended the recital given by pupils of Mrs. J. W. Bradley in the music hall of the Conservatory of Music on Thursday evening of last week. Among those taking part in the recital were such well known singers as Miss Mabel de Geer and Miss Edythe Hill, besides the following list of promising pupils, namely: Misses Maude Dwight, Robinson, Gertrude O'Hara, Margaret Snyder, Maude Zoncar, Muriel Hunt, Eleanor Mullen, Helen Church, Mrs. Henry Hamilton and Mrs. William Stone. The character of the songs rendered and the manner in which they were interpreted, both as regards tone production and the equally important matter of style and expression, again showed Mrs. Bradley in a most favorable light as a careful and capable instructress. The programme was agreeably varied by selections rendered by Miss Rena McCullough, a piano pupil of Miss Dallas; Mr. Leslie R. Bridgman, A.T.C.M., organist of Zion Congregational church, and Miss Netta Marshall, pupil of the Conservatory School of Elocution.

A recital by piano pupils of Miss Maud Gordon of the Conservatory of Music staff was given in the music hall of the Conservatory on Tuesday evening last, and was attended by a very large audience. The excellent playing of those who took part in the well-arranged programme which had been prepared, reflected most creditably upon Miss Gordon and those who were chosen to represent her work as a teacher on this occasion. The following young ladies played: Misses Grace Hill, Rena Winter, Winnifred Young, Edith Dignam, Etta Corin, Hazel Hedley, Sara Bradley, Maude McLean, Mabel Beddoe, Maude Schiller, Mollie O'Donoghue, Ethel Wallace and Mabel Patterson. Vocal solos by Miss Emily Heintzman and Mr. E. A. Coulthard, pupils of Mr. Tandy, and a recitation by Miss Mabel Dennis of the School of Elocution, were also given during the evening, and much enjoyed by those present. Miss Gordon is entitled to congratulations upon the thorough and artistic work of her pupils as exemplified at this recital.

Miss Lola Ronan recently sang at a concert given in Gananoque, and scored a pronounced success. The Gananoque Reporter says of her singing on this occasion: "Miss Ronan is the fortunate possessor of a contralto voice of great richness and volume of tone. In her selections she showed careful and conscientious study and succeeded in rendering each work in a way that would have called forth the acknowledgment of the composers themselves had they been privileged to hear her. It is needless to say that the audience immediately realized that they were listening to an artist of more than ordinary ability. Miss Ronan has a most pleasing manner and generously responded to the numerous encores she was rewarded with." Mr. Nassau Eagen of this city, who also sang, and Mrs. Eagen, who accompanied, are also spoken of in very complimentary terms by the same paper.

The organ recital given in Jarvis street Baptist church on Saturday afternoon last by Miss Florence Brown attracted a large and critical audience. Miss Brown's excellent technical ability and her sound musicianship were illustrated in such works as the great fugue in G minor by Bach, two numbers by Dubois, in Paradisum and Fiat Lux; Dudley Buck's O Holy Night, Boellmann's Suite Gothique, and numbers by Gullmann, Thomas and Chauvet. Miss Edythe Hill, a talented pupil of Mrs. J. W. Bradley, sang in good style and voice Grainer's Hosanna and Mendelssohn's O Rest in the Lord. The next recital of this series will be given by Miss Jessie Perry, the accomplished organist of Elm street Methodist church.

On Saturday afternoon last a piano recital of much interest was given by a number of the most talented pupils of Miss Hamilton at her studio, 25 Metcalfe street. The following pupils took part: Misses Lena Morrison, Ethel Kinnear, Bertha Mason, Alice Love, Mary Jeffrey, Maud Butt, Mabel Love, Ross Pringle and Edith Nicoll. The clever work of these pupils served to display to advantage the care which had been exercised in their instruction by their capable teacher. Miss Hobson, a pupil of Mr. Tandy, took part in the programme, and contributed in no small measure to the success of the recital.

The Metropolitan School of Music recital hall was the scene of an interesting concert on Thursday evening of last week.

The programme was given by: The Misses Marion Thorne, Ida Logan, Louise Duckworth, Ethel Mountain, pianists; Bessie Violet, Florence Galbraith, readers; Nellie H. Walmsley, violinist; and Bertha Rogers, vocalist. While there was much to praise in almost every number, the three performers last named made a conspicuous impression. The teachers represented by pupils were: Miss Jaffray, Miss H. S. Taylor, Mrs. Roberts, Mr. Peter C. Kennedy and Miss Belle H. Noonan.

Rev. Morgan Wood will deliver an address on Music a Moral Factor, at a service of praise to be given at Bond street Congregational church on Wednesday evening, Dec. 14, under the direction of Mr. A. B. Jury, organist and choirmaster. Mr. Wood's ability is well known and this should be an opportunity to hear him speak on a subject that is one of the great educating forces in our midst. The choir has prepared an excellent musical service and, with the soprano soloist, Mrs. A. B. Jury, will be assisted by some of the best local talent. A collection will be taken in aid of the choir fund.

At a recent private musicale given by pupils of Mr. W. J. McNally, the following participated in the instrumental part of the programme: Misses Williams, Marks, Aylesworth, Ethel de Nove, Edith Gourlay and Master George McKenzie. Compositions from the works of Liszt, Heller, Lack, Hollender, Schubert, Rachmaninoff, Chaminade and Moszkowski were rendered in a manner most creditable to those taking part, as well as to their talented instructor. Violin and vocal solos were contributed by Messrs. Switzer and Breckenridge respectively with good effect.

Of Miss Fredrica Paul's recent appearance in London the *News* of that city says: "Miss Fredrica Paul of the Toronto College of Music sang four solos, of which one was in response to an encore. Miss Paul understands the art of using a voice of exceptional quality, and is altogether a most accomplished and charming singer." Miss Paul is pursuing her studies under Mr. F. H. Torrington at the Toronto College of Music.

The annual concert given by the Ladies' Glee Club of the University of Toronto will be held this year on Tuesday, December 13, in Guild Hall, McGill street. The assistance of Miss Mae Dickinson, soprano; Mr. George Fox, violinist, and Mr. Grenville P. Kleiser, elocutionist, has been secured. The plan of the hall is at the warehouses of Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming.

The interest which is being taken in England in the Associated Board's Canadian local examination schemes, and the sympathy which has been awakened for Canadian musicians in this matter, is further illustrated in a vigorous editorial article in London *Truth* of November 23, which is reproduced on page nine of this week's issue of SATURDAY NIGHT.

The Hatch Music Company of Philadelphia publish a clever Slumber Song from the pen of the well known Canadian musician, Mr. Angelo M. Read, who is now located in Buffalo, N.Y. The words and music of the song are both by Mr. Read, whose talents in composition have frequently been noted in these columns.

"Jack says this new horse he has bought is a bargain." "Then it is a safe lady's horse." "Why?" "Because a woman can always drive a bargain."—*Judy*.

Mrs. Benham—Mother tried to commit suicide to day, but I prevented it. Mr. Benham—I wish you'd let her have her own way about those little things.—*Toten Topics*.

"That new advertisement-writer is no good." "Why?" "Here's an advertisement which he wrote of our famous Natural Mineral Spring Water, and at the bottom it says: 'Address the manufacturers.'"—*Puck*.

INCORPORATED TORONTO NOV. 2, W. ALLAN
1888
PRESIDENT
CONSERVATORY
OF MUSIC
COLLEGE STREET.

EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director
Affiliated with Toronto and Trinity Universities
Largest Music School and Strongest Faculty in Canada.
ATTENDANCE 922 LAST YEAR.
ARTISTS & TEACHERS GRADUATING COURSES
PUPILS MAY ENTER AT ANY TIME.

CALENDAR AND SYLLABUS FREE
CONSERVATORY SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION
H. N. SHAW, B.A., Principal

EDWARD FISHER
Musical Director Toronto Conservatory of Music
SPECIALIST in training
PIANO STUDENTS for
THE PROFESSION

MR. RECHAB TANDY
Teacher of best method
Voice Production and Artistic Singing
Pupils received at all times. Voices heard and classified. Write for appointment. Concert Engagements Accepted. Address, Conservatory of Music, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

J. D. A. TRIPP
Piano Virtuoso and
Teacher
Pupil of Moszkowski, Stepanoff and Leschetizky.

VOICE PRODUCTION, SINGING
AND PIANO LESSONS
MISS O. A. WILLIAMS
Schools attended.
Residence—Rossin House. Studio—Messrs. Nordheimer's Building, 15 King Street East.

Toronto College
of Music
12 & 14
Pembroke Street
LIMITED

F. H. Torrington
MUSICAL DIRECTOR

Teacher of Advanced Piano Playing
Ensemble and Concert

FRANK S. WELSMAN
PIANO VIRTUOSO
Pupil of Prof. Martin Krause, Gustav Schreck and Richard Hofmann.

Teacher of Piano, Theory and Composition
Toronto College of Music or 396 Sherbourne St., also at Miss Veal's School, St. Margaret's College and Haverhill Hall.

ONTARIO COLLEGE
OF MUSIC
205 BLOOR ST. EAST

Students who wish to finish their musical studies under German masters in Germany can have instruction in this College in the German language in connection with their musical studies.
Arrangements may be made to give pupils lessons at their homes without extra charge. Accommodation for a limited number of boarders at moderate rates.
For Prospectus apply to
CHARLES FARINGER,
Tel. 3572. 205 Bloor Street East.

HAMILTON
Conservatory of Music
HAMILTON, Ontario
C. L. M. HARRIS, Mus. Doc.
Musical Director

A thorough education in music provided in all its branches. Candidates for University examinations in music prepared by correspondence. Write for Prospectus, giving full particulars as to fees, etc.

Toronto Junction College of Music
MISS VIA MACMILLAN, Principal.
Winter Term Opens Nov. 10th
43 High Park Ave.

E. W. SCHUCH
Voice Culture
and Expression in Singing
Studio and residence
71 SPADINA ROAD

PIANO PLAYING
HARMONY, COUNTERPOINT, ETC.
For Professional and Advanced Pupils.
W. O. FORSYTH
(Director Metropolitan School of Music)

Highest technical advancement and interpretation.
Available studio days, 15 King Street East (Northwestern), Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays. Residence—112 College Street.

Senor Gonzalez
VOICE SPECIALIST. Pure Italian method.
Special rates to talented pupils.
Spanish and Italian languages taught.
MADAME GONZALEZ (Pupil of William Mason), Piano, at Nordheimer's, from 3 to 4.

THEODORE WIEHMAYER
Piano Virtuoso
Will accept a limited number of Canadian and American pupils.
Ferdinand Road Strasse
37 Parterre Links.

MISS FLORENCE BROWN
(Pupil of Mr. A. S. Vogt)
Concert Organist and Accompanist
Teacher of Piano and Pipe Organ.
For terms, etc., address—130 Seaton St.

MISS JESSIE C. PERRY
(Pupil of Mr. A. S. Vogt)
Solo Pianiste and Accompanist
A limited number of pupils accepted.
For terms, etc., address, 101 Wood St.

MISS MARY HEWITT SMART
... SOPRANO ...
Pupil of the late Madam Seller and of Edward Hayes, Principal of School of Vocal Science, New York.
Vocal teacher St. Margaret's College.
Private studio room U, Yonge Street Arcade.

J. W. F. HARRISON
Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's Church. Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. Teacher Piano and Organ at Toronto Conservatory of Music, Bishop Strachan School, and Miss Veal's School.
13 Dunbar Road Rosedale.

MISS NORMA REYNOLDS
Has resumed instruction in
VOICE PRODUCTION AND SINGING.
Training specially to fill church and teaching positions a specialty. Reception hours at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, 34 Mondays and Thursdays. Residence, 4 Pembroke St.

JOHN M. SHERLOCK
MASTER OF SINGING
SOLO TENOR
STUDIO—ROOM 4 NORDHEIMER'S,
TORONTO, ONT.

MRS. DRECHSLER-ADAMSON
... VIOLINIST ...
Teacher at the Conservatory of Music.
Conductor of Conservatory String Orchestra.
Residence—67 Bloor Street East.

MR. A. S. VOGT
Teacher in Advanced Piano Playing
Address—Toronto Conservatory of Music
or 64 Pembroke Street.

MRS. J. W. BRADLEY
Dressmaker and Leader of Berkeley St.
Methodist Church Choir.
Vocal Teacher of Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, and Toronto Conservatory of Music.
130 Seaton Street, Toronto.

GEORGE F. SMEDLEY
Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Soloist
Will receive pupils and concert engagements.
Instructor of Variety Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs. Teacher Toronto College of Music, Bishop Strachan School, Presbyterian Ladies' College.
Studio: Daytime, at Nordheimer's; Evening, at 98 Nassau Street.
Telephone 1605

MISS DETTA E. ZIEGLER
... Soprano ...
CONCERT AND ORATORIO
Voice Culture
Soprano soloist at St. Andrew's Church.
Studio—423 Sherbourne Street
Toronto
Sherbourne St. Methodist Church

MR. HARRY M. FIELD
of Leipzig, Germany
PIANO VIRTUOSO
Is prepared to receive Canadian and American pupils.
25 Grassi Strasse, or Prof. Martin Krause, 26 Brandvorwerk Strasse.

MISS ADA E. S. HART
CONCERT PIANIST
Pupil of the celebrated Leschetizky of Vienna (teacher of Padewski)
Limited number of pupils received. For terms, engagements, etc., address care of Messrs. Nordheimer, or at Harbord Street.

TORONTO MALE QUARTETTE
MR. ARTHUR L. K. DAVIES, Musical Director.
108 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

W. J. McNALLY
Teacher of Piano and Organ
Organist and Choirmaster West Presbyterian Church. Studio—32 Sussex Avenue.

MRS. FRED W. LEE
Teacher of Pianoforte
Krause method as taught by Mr. H. M. Field.
501 Spadina Ave., or Toronto College of Music.

MR. V. P. HUNT—Teacher of Piano
at the Toronto Conservatory of Music
Organist Central Presbyterian Church, Musical Director of Demill Ladies' College, St. Catharines.
Residence, 570 Jarvis St.

MADAME STUTTAFOORD, VOICE
Specialist (pupil of Sig. Lablache), Voice Culture, Italian method; correct breathing. Toros method.
185 Church Street.

MRS. ANNIE E. JURY
Voice production and artistic piano playing
Studio—Nordheimer's.
38 Brunswick Avenue.

MR. A. B. JURY—Organist and
Choirmaster Bond Street Congregational Church. Voice production a specialty. Piano and organ. Studio, 58 Alexander Street.

W. Y. ARCHIBALD—TENOR
Teacher of Singing
Church and Concert engagements accepted.
LLOYD N. WATKINS
308 Church Street. Thorough instruction in Banjo, Guitar, Mandolin and Zither. Cons. v. of Music, Ontario Ladies' Coll., Whitby

DONALD HERALD, A.T.C.M.
TEACHER OF PIANO
371 Jarvis St. Toronto Conservatory of Music.

MISS H. M. MARTIN, Mus. Bac.
Graduate University of Toronto, certified teacher VOCAL, and PIANO, of Toronto College of Music. Address 330 Church St., or Toronto College of Music.

MR. ARTHUR BLAKELEY
Organist Sherbourne Street Methodist Church. Piano, Organ and Musical Theory.
46 Phebe Street.

MISS CARTER
TEACHER OF PIANO
380 Brunswick Avenue.

MISS KATHARINE BIRNIE
CONCERT PIANIST. Krause method, as taught by Mr. H. M. Field, Toronto College of Music. Studio—Nordheimer's, or 210 John St.

STAMMERING, ETC.
Congenital Stutter, Church and Byrne, specialists. CHURCH'S AUTO-VOICE INSTITUTE.
9 Pembroke Street.

HARRY M. BENNETT
Humorous Vocalist and Entertainer
Open for concert engagements.
50 Cecil St., Toronto.

JOSEPH HUGILL
No. 2 Alice St.
Near Yonge St.
Maker and Repairer of Violins, &c.

EDUCATIONAL.
St. Margaret's College
TORONTO
Cor. Bloor & Spadina Aves.

A SELECT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
Modern equipment. Teachers in every department qualified for similar positions in Collegiate Institutes. Eleven in Academic, seventeen in Musical and five in the Art Department. Six resident governesses. Careful supervision. Large grounds for physical exercise. For Prospectus apply to
MRS. GEORGE DICKSON, Lady Principal.

The Best Job
Invariably goes to the one with best brain—one who has education—special training. Why not qualify for one of the best places going? You have the chance. The

CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE
Toronto
opens the door to success for many young Men and Women each year. It offers splendid equipment, thorough work, a strong staff and good results. You may enter at any time. Write for Prospectus. W. H. SHAW, Principal.
Yonge and Gerrard Sts., Toronto.

British American Business College
[LIMITED]
DAVID HOSKINS, Chartered Accountant
Principia

St. Andrew's Ball
A few private lessons in
Scotch Dancing
also WALTZ and TWO-STEP will be of great benefit for this occasion. Make your appointments early. Two-step taught in one lesson.
M. J. SAGE,
Metropolitan School of Dancing.
271 College Street.

PROFESSIONAL.
SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND
Public Accountant and Auditor
Traders' Bank Chambers, Toronto.
Phone 104

DENTISTRY.
N. PEARSON
DR. CHAS. E. PEARSON
DENTISTS
130 Yonge Street, Toronto
Tel. 1978

Porcelain fillings and bridge-work, gold crown and bridge-work. Fees moderate.

Social and Personal.

The Toronto Camera Club is holding its annual exhibition at the rooms of the Club in the Forum building, Yonge street. A large number of very lovely prints are to be seen, many of them from the United States, and the very excellent ones by our local photographers are particularly interesting. The exhibition lasts all this week, and is open afternoons and evenings freely to the public.

Mr. Complin of the Bank of Commerce leaves shortly for the frozen North, the Bank of Commerce, Dawson City, being his destination.

Miss Scott of Port Hope is a guest of the Misses Montgomery, Huron street.

Mr. Ralph K. Burgess, jr., of the Ontario Bank, son of Mr. Ralph K. Burgess of Rosedale, was married on Wednesday of this week to Miss Beth Bailey of Goderich, where the marriage took place at the bride's home. The happy couple left immediately for a honeymoon, after which they will reside in Toronto.

Sir Frank Smith, whose illness has caused many thoughtful enquiries, is, I hear, somewhat better and likely to be soon himself again.

Mr. Cassels of the Bank of Hamilton has been promoted to a position in the branch of that bank at Milton.

General Hutton is now in the Lower Provinces, accompanied by Capt. Bell, A. D. C., and Capt. Macdonell of the R. R. C. I. at Fredericton. They will spend some three weeks moose hunting.

Mr. Hardwell of the Intercolonial was in town last week. Mrs. Hardwell, who has not been very strong, is under the doctor's care in Bellevue private hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman B. Gash have returned from an enjoyable visit to New York and Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Graham of Toronto Junction have closed their house for the winter and taken apartments over the Molson's Bank. Mr. and Mrs. Graham have both been laid up, Mrs. Graham with an attack of la grippe.

Miss Mowat gave the dinner dance last night to the dancers who have under the kind management of Mrs. Nordheimer inaugurated this very bright and congenial fashion. D'Alessandro's men played in the ball-room for the young people. The dinners were at Rosedale House, at Glenedyth, at Mrs. MacMahon's and Mrs. E. B. Osler's.

Mrs. Syddam's tea next Wednesday will be in honor of her two sisters, the bride that is, and the bride that is to be. Mr. and Mrs. Barnard are living for the winter at the Rosin, where Mrs. Barnard receives on January 11 and 12. The bridal party to take part in Miss Nell's wedding will all be here for the tea, with Dr. and Mrs. Goldham and other relatives from Toledo. Mrs. Syddam's own sweet cordial welcome will be a pleasure for those who are bidden to this interesting festivity.

Miss Bessie Macdonald gives a progressive euchre next Tuesday evening for young people. Yesterday she gave an afternoon euchre for married ladies.

On Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons Mrs. Powell of College street gave teas in honor of her daughter's coming-out, and presented the smiling debutante to her many friends. Mrs. Powell wore a pretty black grenadine dress over a square-necked bodice of black silk, with a touch of cerise for garniture. Miss Powell was in cream silk striped with pale pink. At the tea-table pretty Miss Gourlay, in a green silk blouse and black skirt, manipulated the cups and saucers, assisted by Miss Score, a bright young lady in a pretty rose silk blouse, Miss Payne, in white silk and lace, and several others. The buffet was prettily set and adorned with roses. Miss Powell is a bright young lady, a sophomore of Victoria College.

Miss Mowat's dance for her niece, Miss Biggar, was one of the brightest parties ever given at Government House. The ball-room itself, with its new walls of white and gold, was an improvement, and the music was simply immense. The dais upon which the orchestra sat was beautifully decorated with palms and ferns. The conservatory was dimly lighted, and the drawing-rooms brilliant and tastefully arranged. Supper was served in the dining-room, and the whole evening was most delightful. Miss Mowat and her sister-in-law received the guests most cordially. Miss Biggar, with her fresh young beauty, being a debutante they were justly proud of. Sir Oliver was not able to be downstairs, but as the dance was not in any way other than a small private function it was not expected His Honor would tax his strength to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker are living at 55 Walmer road, where Mrs. Walker (nee Newbigging) receives on Fridays. Mrs. Clark on Jones' tea for the introduction of her daughter, Miss Daisy, was the function par excellence of Wednesday afternoon. Music, flowers and a thoroughly homelike and cordial atmosphere, with a large family circle to look after the guests, were the ingredients for success of this charming tea.

Mr. "Dick" Kenny, captain of the champion Rough Riders of Ottawa, is in town attending the O.R.F.U. meeting. He will be banqueted here to-night by a number of admiring friends. Mr. Kenny is a very popular young man and has a large circle of friends here.

Miss Maude Godson is visiting in Mitchell, the guest of Mrs. F. J. Ross.

First volunteer (of returning decimated regiment)—The girls are going wild over us! Second volunteer (grimly)—Yes; we are remnants.—E.E.

TAYLOR'S
WILD
ROSE
PERFUME.

A
SUITABLE
GIFT

THE BEST TIME IS NOW

To decide what you are going to give for Christmas or New Year's—Ladies are beginning to realize more than ever that it is best to give something sensible and useful—such as a pair of Gloves—a handsome Umbrella—a Silk Dress or Blouse—or a nice Black or Colored Wool Dress—and heaps of other suitable articles reflecting the "good sense" of the giver—can be bought with very little cash at

THE BON MARCHE

SPECIAL BARGAINS SATURDAY AND NEXT WEEK

Money-Saving Items in Ladies'

READY-TO-WEAR GARMENTS

Ladies' Superior All-wool Plaid and Plain Cashmere Blouses, in all colors, made in newest style, usual price \$2.50, sale price \$1.50

Ladies' Beautiful Check Silk Blouses, tucked front, in latest style, collar made of fine silk—this is our regular \$10.00 blouse, special sale price, \$3.00

Ladies' Elegant Fancy Silk Blouses, newest patterns, made in very latest style, tucked fronts, collar of self and sleeves tucked, regular \$7.00, sale \$4.50

Ladies' Elegant Black Crepon Dress Skirts, very newest designs, seven gore, lined throughout with best linings, interlined and bound with velvet, regular price \$10.00, sale price \$6.50

Extraordinary Sacrifice Sale of LADIES' JACKETS

We will place on sale Saturday all our Ladies' New Style Cloth Jackets—every garment new this season—that we have been selling at 6.00, 7.00 and 8.00 each. Come and take your choice for \$4.50

LADIES' UMBRELLAS

In Silk and Wool, with handsome handles, very suitable for Xmas Gifts.

At \$1.00 worth \$2.00

At \$1.25 worth \$2.50

35c. Per Yard

37 yards only Black Broche French Dress Goods, close weave, nice bright finish. This line is worthy of special notice and will not remain with us long, for it is sold freely at 50c. per yard, but will clear it out next week at

We have a very pretty assortment of French Crepons, in light and heavy makes also the new and beautiful Perla cloth, in the newest and latest designs, 14 to 18 inches wide. The above have been sold from \$2.50 to \$3.50 per yard, but for next week we will sell them for

\$1.75 Per Yard

90 yards only Black Broche French and German Dress Goods, satin grounds, armure grounds and poplin grounds, in small and medium patterns, made from the best of wools, superior dye and finish, 12 to 16 inches wide. This beautiful lot is a record breaker when sold for \$1.00 per yard, but we are going to clear it out for

75c. Per Yard

We shall place on sale Saturday many other bargains besides the above; come and see them

F. X. COUSINEAU & CO., King Street, Toronto

Massey Music Hall

HANDEL'S... MESSIAH

THURSDAY, DEC. 15th, 8 o'clock

Mlle. TREBELL... Soprano

Contralto, Miss C. Lash; Tenor, Mr. J. M. Sherlock; Baritone, Mr. W. Francis Firth; Mr. W. J. A. Carnahan; Bass, Mr. A. L. E. Davies; Mr. J. D. Richardson. Chorus and Orchestra, 350.

F. H. TORRINGTON, Conductor.

General admission 25c.; reserved seats 50c. Plan at Massey Hall.

XMAS OFFER

MR. JOSEPH HUGILL

No. 2 Alice Street

\$50 Violins for \$25 during December

Christmas Presents

AT MODERATE PRICES

A large assortment of European Novelties acceptable to gentlemen who smoke.

HIGH-CLASS DOMESTIC CIGARS

AND IMPORTED...

Meerschaum and Briar Pipes, etc., etc.

Get good choice by early selection at

FLETCHER'S Merchant Cigar Store

4 King Street East, cor. Yonge

Prompt and careful delivery guaranteed.

The Century Drug Store,

Otherwise Bingham's, 100 Yonge street, is showing an extra attractive stock of perfumes for Xmas and New Year's trade.

A Bazaar is not only an Eastern word, but a household one; everybody knows or affects to know what you mean by it. But what distinguishes a bazaar from a store? If you want chinaware or woodenware, hardware of various kinds or toys, candies or fancy goods, jewelry or books and don't know where to buy them, then go to a bazaar. It is not a modern invention, although most American cities now have them. There are German bazars, Turkish bazars, Persian bazars, Armenian bazars, in fact there are bazars in every European city of note. And now Toronto has a bazaar, well worthy of the name, which seems to be making a fight for business if not for immediate profits. It is certainly getting a firm grip on Toronto trade and promises in time to be a monument of business perfection. What it lacks in size as compared with large departmental stores, it makes up in beauty, for certainly no store in Toronto is more gaily dressed to welcome Santa Claus. Neither time nor money has been spared in the endeavor to make the store attractive, and in this respect they have certainly out-done themselves, for it is indeed like fairyland. The Turkish booths, colored

REPUTATION

...Pianos

Buy Only the Best—'Tis Cheapest in the End.

We could not sell you a CHEAP PIANO even if you want it, FOR WE DO NOT CARRY them. Our saying we carry FIRST-CLASS PIANOS, while true, may not of itself carry conviction, for the most extravagant claims are habitually made for the NOTORIOUSLY BAD PIANO as for the best. But as it is a fact, we must say it in justice to ourselves, and we trust that our doing so simply will create no prejudice against us merely because dealers in inferior goods make absurd claims. Before buying a piano give us a call, and we are sure you will find as good advantages here as elsewhere.

NORDHEIMER CO. LIMITED

15 King Street East

HENRY A. TAYLOR

DRAPER

THE ROSSIN BLOCK

SPECIALS

SPECIAL PRICES ON SOME OF OUR LEADING LINES IN SUITINGS AND OVERCOATINGS TO REDUCE STOCK BEFORE CLOSING OUR FINANCIAL YEAR.

lights, and wonderful decorations have a startling effect. One is fairly dazzled by the glistening beauty of its splendor. The arrangements of the store are a work of art and reflect great credit upon its designer. But the attractions of the store

PRINCESS

Sixteenth Week | Matinees Every Day

Beginning... MONDAY MATINEE Dec. 12

The Cummings Stock Company

Presents CHAS. FROHMAN'S great play

The Fatal Card

Great Cast, including two new additions.

MAGNIFICENTLY STAGED

EXQUISITE SURROUNDINGS

First time anywhere at Popular Prices.

PRICES AS USUAL

John E. Turton

Character and Descriptive Vocalist

At Liberty for concert engagements.

Address care Whaley, Royce & Co., Music Publishers, Toronto

Look

in Bingham's window for the latest and best Novelties in Perfumes.

Lady Dorothy Rose

English Violets

They are both true to nature and lasting. We carry all the choice odors of the best makers.

Direct importation of...

EBONY GOODS

Manicure Sets

Military Brushes

Round Mirrors, etc.

A large assortment of Fancy Atomizers.

If quality is an object, go to...

Bingham's Pharmacy

100 YONGE STREET

Phone 1748

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS BARGAINS

MANTLES and FINE FURS

We have a beautiful selection of Tailor-made Jackets in all the latest materials and shades, and the newest New York and Parisian styles, Alaska Seal, Electric Seal, Persian Lamb, Gray Lamb, Astrakhan and Coon Coats at very low prices. Fur-lined Capes of every description from \$15.00. Caprines, Ruffs, Muffs and Gantlets in Sable, Persian, Stone Marten and Mink suitable for Christmas presents. Our Persian Lamb and Electric Seal Caprines, with heads and tail trimming, special at \$15.00 are worth while seeing. In the Millinery we have specials in Ostich Feather Boas, also Pattern Toques suitable for evening wear. Selling off below cost.

Furs remodeled in the latest styles at the reliable store.

R. Wolfe, 107 Yonge St.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Gift Watches

Positively unapproached in value are our...

Elegant Ladies' Watches

Solid 14k. Cases Set With Diamonds

in most exquisite designs, and fitted with high grade Waltham Movements.

Prices range from \$35.00 up.

SGHEUER'S

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL JEWELLERS

90 YONGE ST.

J. YOUNG (ALEX. MILLARD)

The Leading Undertaker and Embalmer

359 Yonge St. TELEPHONE 679

Teeth Extracted Without Pain

PRICES:

Full Set Best Teeth, perfect fit guaranteed or no pay, \$5.

Good set, \$4.

22k Gold Crowns \$5.

Gold Fillings \$1 up.

Silver Fillings 75c.

Teeth without Plate, \$5.

ALL WORK NEARLY PAINLESS AND GUARANTEED

H. A. GALLOWAY, L. D. S.

Phone 701. 24 Queen East.

"Good Things" for Xmas...

Our English Plum Pudding, deliciously rich and wholesome—25c. a lb.

Xmas Cakes, with Almond Icing and ornamental decorations—30c. and 40c. a lb.

Mince Pies, that can't be beaten. Better order from us and save the time and trouble of making them yourself.

Giles

Caterer and Confectioner

719 Yonge St. Tel. 3423

Your goods will be whiter than this paper, your sleep dreamless, your brow unfurrowed by care, your business pleasure, and your pleasure business, if you patronize the

Rolston Laundry Co.

PHONE 1381 WAGON CALLS

MISS M. A. ARMSTRONG

41 King Street West

Has just received a choice assortment of

PARISIAN and AMERICAN NOVELTIES

Also the newest designs in

Hats and Bonnets

OFFICE TO LET

"Saturday Night" Building

Suitable for any business or profession. Apply to Secretary-Treasurer.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. Limited.

CPR CPR CPR CPR CPR CPR CPR

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

CPR CPR CPR CPR CPR CPR CPR

CANADA'S COLOSSAL CONCERN

The Canadian Pacific Railway and Steamship Lines comprise a mileage of over 23,000. They almost circle the Globe. They were constructed to be large. The great feature of the lines predominate in every detail of their operation. Whether making a trip of 5 or 25,000 miles, the Canadian Pacific can comfortably accommodate you.

C. E. McPHERSON, A.G.P.A.

1 King St. East, TORONTO.

CPR CPR CPR CPR CPR CPR CPR

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

AND ITS CONNECTIONS FOR Buffalo and New York

Grand Trunk and Lehigh Valley Railways.

Leave Toronto. Arrive Buffalo. Arrive New York.

9:00 a.m. 12:05 p.m. 9:55 a.m.

11:0 a.m. 3:00 p.m. 8:03 a.m. 1 Next

6:00 p.m. 10:00 p.m. 9:13 a.m. 1 Day.

Grand Trunk and West Shore Railways.

11:00 a.m. 7:15 p.m. 7:30 a.m. 1 Next

6:00 p.m. 9:30 p.m. 9:30 a.m. 1 Day.

Daily.

9 a.m. train via Lehigh Valley has parlor car to Buffalo and connects with BLACK DIAMOND EXPRESS for New York.

6 p.m. train has Pullman car via Lehigh Valley and Wagner car via West Shore Railways to New York.

Tickets, berths and all information from J. W. RYDER, C. P. and T. A., 1 King St. West, corner of Yonge Street, Toronto.

M. C. DICKSON, D.P.A.

The Wabash Railroad

With its superb and magnificent train service, is now acknowledged to be the most perfect railway system in America. The great winter tourist route to the south and west, including the famous Hot Springs, Arkansas; Old Mexico, the Egypt of the New World; Texas and California, the land of sunshine and flowers. Passengers going by the Wabash reach their destination in advance of other routes. Wabash trains reach more large cities than any other railroad in the world. Detailed information will be cheerfully furnished by any railroad agent, or J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

ARE great writers fired by some fleeting inspiration when they do their best work, or are they capable of great work whenever they set themselves down to it? Perhaps there are only two writers of prominence—one living and one dead—who placed themselves on record as being able to fix

regular hours for work each day, during which hours they produced a given quantity daily, one being Sir Walter Besant and the other Anthony Trollope. The average writer of note is not so methodical, nearly all of them requiring some special circumstances or surroundings to inspire them, as in the case of George Eliot, who did most of her writing sitting tailor-fashion with a pad of paper on her knees. Mr. Swinburne has said that he gains inspiration for his poems whilst swimming, or walking against the wind or rain.

Francois Coppée is never happy with his pen unless he has one or more of his beloved cats to bear him company; and Bret Harte, when the "writing fit" is on him, packs up a few belongings and buries himself in the heart of the country where there is nothing more disturbing than a cow. Here, with a cigar in his mouth and plenty more at hand, his pen runs fluently enough, when once it is started. He confesses, however, that his first line has often outlasted his first cigar. Mr. Hardy is, like so many writers, a creature of moods. For days he cannot touch a pen; but when the mood seizes him it rules him like a tyrant. From early morning until late at night he drives his pen in a race against his fancy until he drops from sheer exhaustion.

Maeterlinck finds his inspiration in lamplight and works steadily through the dark hours until dawn breaks. This is a very common practice among writers this working entirely at night. Jules Verne, however, and many others, prefer the early morning.

Nearly all the well known writers are smokers. Once J. M. Barrie was asked what he wrote with and he promptly replied, "With my pipe." Robert Louis Stevenson had his cigarettes, Bret Harte his cigars, and Barrie and Kipling have their pipes, as also had the late James Payn. To these, time, place and vehicle have mattered little, they say, so long as they could settle down with pipes and free from interruption.

Speaking of Mr. Kipling's new book, *The Day's Work*, which will be a very popular gift book for the holidays, one critic says that it is more than a collection of its author's latest stories—it is an almost perfect picture of Kipling's powers. Each side of his many-sided genius finds expression there. Each reader will find in it examples of the special work which makes him like Kipling better than any other living writer. But, as a whole, the tales are not of so popular a character as some of his earlier work, and "love interest" is lacking in most of them.

In running through the book, let the last be first. In *The Brushwood Boy* we meet Kipling's ideal young man—a manly

boy, a modern Sir Galahad—clean in mind and body, pure and chivalrous in thought and action, whose love is once and for all time.

Thayendanegea, an Historico-Military Drama, by J. B. Mackenzie, a member of the Ontario Historical Society, has just been published by William Briggs. It is a drama of the great Indian chief, Brant. In a preface, the author says: "With a life so brimful of stirring and of pregnant adventure such as Brant's, the difficulty of making a selection of incidents which should at once, with adequacy, typify the man, and interest and divert the reader, will, I imagine, be frankly recognized." The author, however, shows a most thorough acquaintance with the life and times of Brant, and has probably chosen his material wisely. We cannot do better than reproduce here Scene 2 of Act II.

PLACE: The Mohawk Valley—Council Room at Johnson Hall.

TIME: July, 1772.

Governor Tryon discovered seated on a raised platform, Sir Wm. Johnson, by invitation, to occupy a place at his side; a number of Indian warriors and women occupying benches in the body of the room. Thayendanegea, coming forward from amongst the male element, addresses the Governor. They. Come before you, Sir, as deputy of our much-injured Mohawks, to submit their case the controversy represents the simmering of half a century. Pour in your Excellency's benign ear. Chapter of wrongdoing, by all adjudged a crying grievance; trouble this which steals All pleasure from the chase—provides, at night, The uninviting fabric of our dreams; A not to be unadvised incubus. Relate the linked occurrences to our Tribe's footing as a land proprietor. Without assent may—enervate, Of leagued schemes, a formality Required to legalize a transfer; pined With drink the sellers previously had been (A dolittle, irresponsible quittance) By one George Klock, an odious go-between, Tracts near Canajoharie—long time dubbed "The Planting-Grounds," in common parlance were.

Obtained from us by Philip Livingston. Collaps, a land surveyor, presently— To aggravate our hardship—undertook To increase the boundaries materially: Achievement—to evade our vigilance— Compensated by stealth, upon a moonlight tour: Claiming the ample premises to be his "original dimensions of the grant." The Congress, afterwards, did me say here: "The Congress, afterwards, did me say here: Was not revealed for nearly twenty years." Asked to explore that cave of guilt—inquest That slough of turpitude—reported that The mudlin transfers no status had To estate to alienate. Accepted this: But there being infant heirs, not competent To voice their wish, things hung in abeyance: Till German settlers came to squab upon The questioned lands. Our "Castles," here, to go.

Due recognition as their overlords, Collection pressed from these of stated rent— In money this long paid, or money's worth. The younger Livingston, to complicate Affairs, tried to eject our husbands; While Klock—the speaking mongrel at his heels— Exceeding loath to disappoint the hopes Formed from his facile gradulation as A scoundrel: fresh as dill, with a more Unfettered use of liquor, new-forged dupes, Preceded upon them to relinquish rights. By all possessed, in common, is the block: Admitting thus the sale's validity: Wringing, besides, confirmatory deed Unto himself and his associate. Later, to do him justice, Livingston— When were elicited the naked facts, Fully exposed the glaring roguery— Before a Council specially convened, A proper willingness displayed to bow To his unfavorable arbitrament; But Klock, who had acquired part ownership, Flatly refused to undo his fraud. Wherefore, we trust, your Excellency's power Will be exerted to recover that, Which your mild predecessor, Monckton, held To've been most shamefully, most wickedly, Perjured; that you'll be swift to implicate Torrential evil on that guilt-ful class Of pale-face ruffians of whom this Klock— The loathsome archetypal who trap—delude; Contaminate—corrupt; that levelled may Be jagged slugs of obliquity at those (Klock most malevolent) of the harpy spawn, None of the genus so insatiate Whose unclean, lawless trade it is to steep Two yielding brains in brandy's poisonous fumes.

To serve their foul, their sordid interest. Not popular are we; nor—singly—boast We note strength. Still have we frequent proved That we can manage proud connections; we, Seeking, can rival firm alliances: So we believe you'll impulse find to turn To the redress of our grievances. In the great danger of its going abroad: Should you betray a mocking negligence— Take refuge in a listless apathy— That safeguards we from Britain's crown derived Had been by you disparaged—disesteemed; That ought had chanced to weaken, or to dull The cave-ant-chain our sires redoubtable Have long preserved intact—leave luminous: That items of our nation's privilege Were trampled, scooped, ridiculous—ignored. Gav. Tryon. Stout orator, your warm recital, if In no wise strained, or colored, must awake Responsive thrill in every righteous breast: Therefore, you may depend upon it that My utmost—everything—I'll do to bring About the restitution of your rights.

—*Excerpt omnes.*

Dwellers in Gotham is the title of a story of New York's social, commercial and business life, written by a writer who conveys his identity under the nom de plume of Annan Dale. A rich vein of humor runs through the book. William Briggs is the publisher for Canada.

In the last issue of *The Writer* appears a portrait and an appreciative review of the work done by Mr. Charles Gordon Rogers of Ottawa, several of whose poems and stories have appeared in SATURDAY NIGHT.

William George Jordan, editor of the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, has written an interesting article on the

manufacture of works of fiction. He says that ordinary writers merely play ingeniously with conventional plots; their novel is not so much a story as a conundrum propounded to the reader, to which he must guess the answer. He gives the following examples:

- (1) Given a rich English Squire, childless, with two nephews. On the night of his sixty-eighth birthday he is found murdered in his bed. His will, dated that day, bequeaths the estate to the nephew he detested.
- Query.—Did this nephew forge the will and murder the old man? If not, then explain the circumstantial evidence.
- (2) Two sisters, Rose and Pink, are in love with Prince Zeldene. Rose is good, Pink is wicked; the Prince loves Rose. Pink sends him forged letters and other regalia matter purporting to come from Rose.
- Query.—How will Pink's treachery be discovered, and the clouds of unhappiness roll by for Rose?
- (3) In order to gain the heart and hand of Sir Thornfield, Lady Frizzle, aged about forty-six, disguises herself as a beautiful young maiden of seventeen.
- Query.—Will he love her after he discovers her ploy; and if so, how much? Will the critics call it a strong, powerful novel, original in plot and character; and if so, why?
- (4) The infant daughter of the Marquis de Villiers is stolen from her home. Twenty years after, a band of gypsies encamp near the paternal residence of the Marquis. He has just died, and another is to gain the heritage.
- Query.—How will the author bring the gypsy girl into the palace and checkmate the false heir in three moves?

Mr. Jordan follows this up by saying that the question of originality thus lies to a great extent with the individual writer. "Chess and checkers," he says, "may be played on the same board, but the games are widely different. Life is the wide board upon which the novelist has to play, and with pieces whose characters and powers change with every move, influenced and controlled by past, present and future, so that the combinations are infinite."

Copies of SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS may still be had by mailing fifty cents to the office of publication. Orders may be left with any local newsdealer. If the reader wishes to send a copy to a distant friend we will mail it in a heavy tube direct from this office to the desired address, putting on the wrapper the name or initials of the sender. The order will be acknowledged on its arrival at this office. It is generally conceded that a copy of our Christmas Number, with its beautiful premium picture and first-class fiction, makes a very fine half-dollar's worth to send to a distant friend or relative.

By Order of the Magistrate, by W. Pett Ridge, is a bright, interesting story simply and artistically told. The character drawing in connection with the narrative shows great skill and considerable humor on the part of the author. It is really a beautiful story. Harper Bros., New York; the Book Supply Co., Toronto.

A Study of a Child, by Louise E. Hogan, is a wonderful book, written in beautiful mother's language. It is more scientific than sentimental in its purpose, however, being an exposition of a child's education, carefully conducted and reported by a wise woman. The best of mothers might read this book for instruction and inspiration. Harper Bros., New York; the Book Supply Co., Toronto.

A Queer Old World.

ELLA WHEELER WILSON.

If virtue would allure like sin
How easily might kindness win.
If right went laughing by like wrong
The devil would lo-e half his throng.
If day sought pleasure like the night
Dawn need not blush to face the light.
But virtue seems so cold and proud
That merry sin attracts the crowd.
And right has such a solemn air
Men follow wrong, the deceiver.
And care so eats the daytimes up
At night they seek mad folly's cup,
And drink forgetfulness 'till dawn,
And so the queer old world goes on.

—*The Critic.*

"How did you like my last drama?" asked a writer of a newspaper critic. "Too realistic, I thought," was the reply. "Too realistic! What do you mean?" demanded the author. "Well," said the critic, "it struck me that even the words spoken by the burglar in the second scene were stolen!"

A Chorus of Thanksgiving Throughout the Whole World.



In the long list of Popes who have reigned since the foundation of the Christian Church there has been none among the number more concerned over the welfare of mankind than His Holiness Leo XIII. To do good has ever been his motto, and good he has done for both rich and poor. He is old now and feeble, but the vital properties contained in Vin Mariani give him strength and vigor that he would not otherwise possess. For this the adherents to the Church in all parts of the globe will give thanks and bless the name of Mariani.

ROME, January 2, 1898.

"It has pleased His Holiness to instruct me to transmit in his august name his thanks to Monsieur Mariani and to testify again, in a special manner his gratitude. His Holiness has even deigned to offer Monsieur Mariani a Gold Medal bearing his venerable image."

CARDINAL RAMPOLLA.

Who has not read the unsolicited testimonials from people of note throughout the world, who having used "Vin Mariani" with beneficial results, have called upon humanity to cease doubting and do likewise. Princes, Prelates and Physicians have for years, sounded the key note of praise for Vin Mariani, and in this great chorus of thanksgiving no discordant voice has been heard.

And now as a crowning testimonial, comes a message from His Holiness the Pope, who has used Vin Mariani and found it sustaining in his old age. Not satisfied with expressing his thanks to M. Mariani he has, as will be seen from the above letter, been pleased to confer a gold medal upon the maker of the health-giving tonic.

And what reception is accorded the tonic by men of science? Turn over the leaves of the testimonial book, and among the first you will find the name of that lamented gentleman who stood first in the nobles of professions—Sir Morrell Mackenzie, of keen discernment and unerring judgment, his praise of Vin Mariani cannot be regarded in any light save that of a standard prescription to all suffering from debility. Then note the remarks of that eminent American physician, Cyrus Edson, which are to this effect: "In the great depression caused by the disease (grippe) and in the convalescence, special attention is called to the value of 'Vin Mariani.' It may be

Health is the desire of all creation. To the thousands who have lost it or never knew the delights of its thrills an elixir that will rejuvenate the spirit and invigorate the body is indeed a boon of incalculable value. "Vin Mariani" will rouse into cheerfulness those who are morbid and depressed; soothe the brain when weary; calm the nerves when overwrought by undue excitement. In fact, it will make life appear in its own transcendent colors and not as our jaded imaginations are apt to picture it. "Vin Mariani" is truly the Wine of Life.

M. ANGELO MARIANI.

Health is the desire of all creation. To the thousands who have lost it or never knew the delights of its thrills an elixir that will rejuvenate the spirit and invigorate the body is indeed a boon of incalculable value. "Vin Mariani" will rouse into cheerfulness those who are morbid and depressed; soothe the brain when weary; calm the nerves when overwrought by undue excitement. In fact, it will make life appear in its own transcendent colors and not as our jaded imaginations are apt to picture it. "Vin Mariani" is truly the Wine of Life.

Plays 1000 Tunes A Most Welcome Present

An endless variety of styles, both cabinet and upright, to select from. Their superiority in tone, mechanism and every other detail over all others can be instantly demonstrated by anyone who will make the comparison. They are long-running, easy to operate, and play all the favorite music, both classic and the popular up-to-date.

MECHANICALLY it is faultless, MUSICALLY the highest achievement of its kind, IN APPEARANCE an ornament anywhere. Illustrated Catalogue and Tune Lists on application.



INSPECTION INVITED
WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.
Sole Agents
158 Yonge Street, TORONTO

Xmas Books...

A FEW SUGGESTIONS.

1. SKETCHES AND CARTOONS. C. D. Gibson's latest book of Drawings. Folio, 12x18, in a box.
2. RUDYARD KIPLING'S POEMS. Uniform edition, 3 vols. Half calf or morocco.
3. THE NEW "PARKMAN." Re-written and revised, with illustrations, maps, etc. 12 vols. Cloth and half morocco.
4. BISMARCK. By his late secretary, Dr. Moritz Busch. 2 vols.
5. TENNYSON'S MEMOIRS. By his son. 2 vols.
6. LADY URSULA. By Anthony Hope. His latest volume. Just out.
7. THE "GIBSON" CALENDARS. Two sizes. With loose mat for framing.
8. "41 YEARS IN INDIA." Gen. Lord Roberts. Now issued in one volume.
9. AVE ROMA IMMORTALIS. By F. Marion Crawford. 2 vols.
10. WITH KITCHENER TO KHARTOUM. By G. W. Stevens (war correspondent).
11. "EDITION DE LUXE" of the following popular novels, all profusely illustrated: THE LITTLE MINISTER. Maud Adams, white and gold. QUO VADIS. 2 vols., in purple and gold. THE CHOIR INVISIBLE. Bound in silk cloth.
12. XMAS AND N. Y. ART CALENDARS. All the way from 5c. to \$10.00 each. We have \$2,000 worth of these artistic and elegant goods.
13. The following New Novels, handsomely bound in cloth, by— Max Pemberton—"The Phantom Army." Kipling—"The Day's Work." Robt. Barr—"Tekla." Weyman—"Castle Inn." Wein Mitchell—"The Footsteps of Francois." Crockett—"The Red Axe." Merriman—"Ruden's Corner." Gilbert Parker—"Battle of Strong." Ralph Connor—"Black Rock." Ian MacLaren—"Afterwards." Chas. G. D. Roberts—"Sister to Evangeline."

Write us for prices of the above and suggestions. We will send "on approval" if necessary. Our New Descriptive Illustrated Catalogue now ready.

Bain Book Co., 96 Yonge St., Toronto

"AT THE BOOKSHOP"

The Christmas Bookshelves

This year we show a large and attractive collection of Gift Books. We desire that you should view them. We particularly emphasize the fact that the freedom of this store is always extended to you.

The exhibition of beautiful Art Calendars will please you.

SOME OF THE BOOKS

- "THE FAIR GOD"—A specimen of beautiful bookmaking is this edition of General Lew Wallace's first great book, "A Tale of the Conquest of Mexico." \$1.50
- "AVE ROMA IMMORTALIS"—F. Marion Crawford's story of Rome—beautiful, romantic, cruel, fascinating Rome, a book which no one who loves the Eternal City can afford to leave unread. \$6.00
- "IN THE FORBIDDEN LAND"—A thrilling tale of the adventures of the author, A. Henry Savage Landor, during his journey into Tibet. 2 vols.
- "WILD ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN"—By Canada's famous naturalist, Ernest seton Thompson. \$2.00

WM. TYRRELL & CO.
No. 8 King Street West

Choice Holiday Books

JUST PUBLISHED

Ian MacLaren's New Book

AFTERWARDS

And other sketches. 12mo., cloth, \$1.25

These sketches are in the same style as the famous "Bonnie Briar Bush," but with the exception of two are in English. In these two the author takes his readers back to Drumtochty and in his inimitable style tells of the passing of Dornie, and of Dr. David-on's last Christmas. These sketches are equal in pathos and humor to anything Ian MacLaren has written.

New Booklet By Dr. J. R. Miller

"THE SECRET OF GLADNESS," beautifully illustrated. Small 4to, artistic paper cover. 35 cents

NOW READY

Our Two New Gift Books

HUGH BLACK, M. A.

FRIENDSHIP

With marginal and other decorations by T. Berkeley Smith, printed in two colors; 12mo., decorated cloth, gift top, boxed, \$1.75

Dr. W. Robertson Nicol says: "Mr. Hugh Black of Free St. George's, Edinburgh, is now, we suppose, the most popular preacher in Scotland. His wise and charming book 'Friendship' is full of good things willingly expressed, and though very simply written, is the result of real thought and experience."

Dr. J. R. Miller's New Book

"THE MASTER'S BLESSING"—A Devotional Study of the Beatitudes. Decorated margins, 16mo., cloth, gift top, boxed, \$1.00

In its mechanical details, de kledged paper, ample margins with artistic illustrations, ornamental chapter headings, decorated covers—the book is full of subject and author.

NOTE—Our Holiday Lists of Books, Booklets, Calendars, &c. for 1898 are now ready

See Our Special Offer

Send us your name and we will mail you a copy.

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY

TORONTO: 154 Yonge Street

Also Chicago and New York.

In the last issue of *The Writer* appears a portrait and an appreciative review of the work done by Mr. Charles Gordon Rogers of Ottawa, several of whose poems and stories have appeared in SATURDAY NIGHT.

William George Jordan, editor of the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, has written an interesting article on the

Studio and Gallery

In a letter recently received by F. McGillivray Knowles, Clement Heaton, the inventor of the "cloisonné mosaic," speaks of the increasing appreciation of this most dignified and classic form of decoration. To those not familiar with this as yet comparatively unknown method of decoration it may be well to explain it somewhat. On a foundation of copper or zinc is outlined a design which is permanently traced with wire composed of a composition of manganese, copper and brass soldered to the foundation. Into the spaces outlined by the wire is placed marble which has been pounded to a pulp and colored as desired to realize the design. This is left to harden, after which the surface is rendered perfectly smooth. Clement Heaton has executed some of the most exquisite designs in this most durable medium, a notable one being in the private chapel of the Duke of Westminster. He has since placed some of it in the New Parliament House and the Historical Museum at Bern, also in the Swiss Historical Museum at Zurich. The museums of France, Germany and Austria have also examples of his work. The Society of Decorators in Paris has also endorsed it. The agent for the Tiffany glass has introduced it elsewhere. The promoters of the Exposition of 1900 in Paris mean to give Mr. Heaton a corridor to himself to decorate. Next month's Studio is to contain an article on the subject, all of which goes to prove that this system is found in very good company. It is, no doubt, *par excellence*, the treatment for walls—durable, desirable for sanitary reasons, eminently artistic, a most worthy form of decoration. It is not intended to take the place of mural decoration, but to accompany it. Expensive? Yes, most good things are expensive in the beginning, but cheap in the end. Several excellent examples of this work may be seen any Saturday afternoon in Mr. Knowles' studio, 141 Yonge street. A large vase there should certainly be made the property of this city and housed in a public museum, and some trays, which would be acquisitions to any private collection, as well. Mr. Knowles made himself familiar while in Switzerland with all the details of the system.

Mrs. Reid's pictures, which were exhibited at Matthews' Gallery, will be on view in her studio, Room V, Yonge street Arcade, during the Saturdays of December, from 3 to 5 o'clock.

The following artists opened their studios to the public after 2 o'clock on Saturday afternoon last, and will do so again on the first Saturdays of January, February and March: William Armstrong, 36 King street east; G. Bruenech, Union Loan Building, Toronto street; F. M. Bell-Smith, 320 Jarvis street; Mrs. Dignam, 275 St. George street; E. Wylly Grier, Imperial Bank Chambers; Miss Haggerty, York Chambers, Toronto street; Miss Hemming, 382 Church street; McGillivray Knowles, 141 Yonge street; Miss May Martin, 110 Crescent road, Rosedale; Miss M. Cary McConnell, 3 King street east; L. R. O'Brien, 20 College street; O. P. Staples, Maitland place; Miss Windcat, 45 Cecil street; Woman's Art Association, Room 89 Canada Life Building, King street west. This list is subject to change.

Much interest is manifested by picture-lovers in the collection of water-colors of L. R. O'Brien, R.C.A., and deservedly so.

J. W. L. FORSTER
... PORTRAIT PAINTING
Studio: 24 King Street West

R. F. GAGEN,
Studio—90 Yonge Street.
Miniatures, Water Color and Ink Portraits.

MISS EDITH HEMMING
MINIATURE PAINTER
has removed her studio to
382 Church Street, Toronto.

FOR EVERYTHING
Used by Artists and Decorators, positively we are the best and cheapest. Try us and be convinced.

THE ART METROPOLE (Limited)
131 & 133 Yonge St. and 1, 3, 5, 7 & 9 Toronto
Arcade. Entrance 133 Yonge St. Tel. 2121.

ESTABLISHED 1842

Roberts & Son Art Galleries

79 King Street West, Toronto

Appointments made for Holiday Art Sales.

Artistic Picture Framing a specialty.

Telephone 1926

HOUSEHOLD HELPS

While we devote a great deal of thought and care to the artistic requirements of our friends, we do not forget the practical household needs. This week we wish to introduce two articles of sterling value, viz.

JOHNSON'S FLOOR WAX
for polishing all hard wood floors, The E. Harris Company's justly celebrated

FURNITURE POLISH
used for many years by our leading families and hotels and highly recommended.

THE E. HARRIS COY., Limited

44 KING STREET EAST

Makes a Beautiful Xmas Gift

Those beautiful, artistic, enameled Water color or Sepia portraits, worked from any photo, at the High Grade Art Studio, make the prettiest Xmas present imaginable. All our work strictly high class. You are cordially invited to call and examine our work.

The HIGH GRADE ART STUDIO

114 King Street West

The large piece entitled *Sunset on Lake Tadinac* abounds in strong, rich color and is full of the poetry of early evening. Several smaller pieces have all the charm of sentiment, of suggestiveness, of harmony, which is a characteristic of all Mr. O'Brien's work.

The sketch exhibition, or part of it, is now en route to Kingston, thence to go to Montreal. Two tangible features of it have been good attendance and small financial returns. That these two facts co-exist argues some weakness in the financial arrangements difficult to explain. Had it been a circus we might have surmised some crawling under the canvas. Whether or not it is wise to have a fee so easily walked around or over, and which shuts out many of those to whom alone the exhibition is of service, viz., students, is a question for the powers in the W. A. A. to discuss. We quite sympathize with the effort to keep away from the exhibition, as far as possible, the flavor of the bargain counter, or the place where so much is insistently forced upon the victim who fain would give a fair return for his goods. It really is nice to be permitted to purchase these days and still maintain one's self-respect.

In an ideal studio overlooking some of the lovely ravines of Rosedale, in sight of hills and valleys and trees of many characters and a broad expanse of sky, Miss S. Strickland Tully, A.R.C.A., pursues the art she loves so well. Sky is expensive in Toronto, very expensive. It is a luxury of which most of us enjoy very little, yet it is a great developer of the aesthetic nature. Behind Miss Tully is an ancestry of culture, around her has been an atmosphere of culture, and before is a promise of ever increasing art culture. Her most recent years have been spent in study in England and Paris. M. Legros of the Slade School, London; M. Benjamin Constant, an Orientalist in art; M. Borde, historical artist; T. Robert Fleury and Gustave Courtois in portraiture, have all assisted in her art education. These advantages, combined with much natural ability and constant application, are recognized materials for the making of an artist. We expect to find Miss Tully an important factor in art progress in Toronto, possessed as she is of a liberal and progressive mind. She expects to have a working studio in company with her sister, Miss L. Beresford Tully, a pupil of the South Kensington School, in wood carving, in the Yonge street Arcade.

T. Mower Martin, O.S.A., is still continuing his visit to the Coast. In addition to gathering material he has, at the request of local art organizations, lectured several times. His class in Bloor street Presbyterian College is in the meantime under the charge of his daughter, Miss May Martin, who is at present conducting all the branches, including ceramic art. Miss Martin is a member of the Ontario Society of Artists, and has been an exhibitor at all the exhibitions held here of recent years. She is a conscientious artist, much in love with her art, and we do not doubt will be able to stimulate the pupils under her charge in the college.

Evidently the business aspect of school decoration is commending itself to dealers in art. It has been the custom for some time in Chicago and Boston to hold annual exhibitions of objects not considered in the by-gone days essential to school education, which are now in demand for school decoration. Had such an exhibition been held in the not very long ago we might have expected it to have consisted largely of rawhides, leather, blackboards, maps, grotesque representations of animals, etc., and last, but by no means least effectual, human skeletons, which, if they could really be said to be full of anything, were certainly full of suggestion. It would be very interesting to know what are considered in the present day the proper accompaniments of school education. We understand that such a display is shortly to be given in Toronto. We shall welcome it most heartily.

Quite a large and varied display of work of Miss M. Cary McConnell and Miss Irvine, and their pupils, was on view at their formal opening on Saturday last. The water-color sketches and the antique of the pupils evidenced real interest in all and special ability in some. Some flower studies of Miss McConnell's were the best we have seen from her brush. A few very pleasing interiors were on view.



I Recommend Baby's Own Soap

to all mothers who want their babies to have pink, clean, clear, and healthy skin.

Made of the finest materials.

No soap, wherever made, is better.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL

MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED ALBERT TOILET SOAPS

Miss McConnell excels, however, in portraiture, of which there were several good examples. Miss Irvine's ceramic art is known to a large circle in this city to be of unusual merit. A Belleek jar, in browns, greens and yellows, which seemed blended and melted together and apparently into the material, was as delightful as any underglaze ware, and shone and glistened so nicely. Miss Irvine and Miss McConnell purpose keeping their display on view until Christmas.

Miss G. Spurr, O.S.A., who has recently returned from England, where she has been studying for the past year, has brought with her a whole district of country, embracing rolling extensive heaths, quaint old cottages, farms and homesteads, windmills and chapels, rocky shore and peaceful harbor, Scotch lassies and "caller herrin," pine woods and poetic lanes, all transplanted from Surrey and Yorkshire. They have lost little in the transplanting, but come with a fullness of detail, truthfulness of color and accuracy of motive which maintain their identity unmistakably. They are the result of much conscientious labor. Miss Spurr is a gracious and sweet little lady, and will be sure to show you her possessions should you call at her home, Gerrard street, I venture to suggest any Saturday afternoon.

Six cases of new casts have just arrived for the use of the students in the Central Ontario School of Art and Design.

JEAN GRANT.

Weddings and Festivities.

THE bachelors' of St. Thomas annual ball was quite the event of the season, and, being held the night before Thanksgiving, brought in a great many outsiders, who otherwise would have been unable to attend. The bachelors should certainly be congratulated on their success. Everything went off beautifully, and everyone had a "perfectly glorious time," which said "glorious time" lasted, by the way, until the wee sma' hours. The gowns were lovely, and so were the faces. Certainly St. Thomas girls were never seen to greater advantage than when gliding around in the mazy waltz and two-step, to the enchanting strains of the London harpers. Of course the floor was perfect, and they say that there are few floors in Western Ontario that come up to that of the Grand Central. I may say I can't remember dancing on a better one. Among the St. Thomas girls Miss Southwick, in pale green silk that suggested Detroit, looked lovely; Miss Nichol, in white organdie over green silk, was charming; Miss Ada Arkell, in pink organdie, was much admired; handsome Mrs. Travers, in a stunning gown of pale blue satin, as usual looked charming; Miss Farley, in white, Miss Kairs, also in white, and Miss Babbitt, in pink and black, were a dainty trio; Miss Green looked unusually well in a gown of the purest white; pretty Miss Pauly was a dream in yellow silk trimmed with tiny rows of black velvet; Miss Laycock wore yellow organdie, trimmed with white baby ribbon; Miss Ermatinger looked very pretty in white; Miss Arkell looked very well in black and green. Among the outsiders were Miss Emily Bellor, a charming visitor from London, looking lovely in pale green satin, trimmed with white chiffon and green ribbons; Miss Moore of London looked well in black silk; Miss Parfit wore blue silk; Miss Scatcherd of London was radiant in pink organdie; Mrs. Spry of Chatham (*nee* Rich) looked lovely in white satin. Among the men were Mr. Kelsey, Mr. Laycock and Mr. Richardson, Toronto; Mr. Thompson, Prescott; Mr. Paterson, Tilbury; Mr. R. Arkell, Essex; Dr. Arkell, Belmont; Mr. Bray, Chatham; Messrs. Gilmore, Hammond, Beers, Bayly, Reid, Toller, Cotton and Skinner of London. Three of the London men arrived in tweed suits. Many were the conjectures as to the reason, but they explained that their dress suit cases had gone on to Port Stanley it was, of course, understood and believed, until some bright dandy suddenly remembered that the train did not go through. But they were forgiven, perhaps for the reason one girl gave, "They do dance so well." I hear there is talk of another ball.

A most delightful ball was given in Belleville on Thanksgiving night at the Hotel Quinte by Mrs. Eugene McMahon for her daughter, Miss Kathleen, who has just returned from Germany, where she has been for three years. The floor was in perfect order for dancing, and an orchestra provided excellent music. Mrs. McMahon received in a handsome black lace gown; Miss McMahon wore white silk and looked very charming. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Harry Corby, Miss Helen Corby, Miss A. Corby, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Lazier, Mr. and Mrs. Lyons Biggar, Miss Falkiner, Mr. and Mrs. Burton (Toronto), Miss Nora Bell, Mrs. Davy, Miss Davy, Miss Hamilton (Peterborough), Mrs. C. D. McCaulay, Miss Ross, Mr. G. Biggar (Toronto), Mr. G. G. Duncan (Woodstock), Mr. Cutler (Toronto), Messrs. Tait, O'Flynn, Laidlaw, Moss, Biggar, McColl, Evans, and many others.

Mrs. J. J. Grafton received at Lawn View, Dundas, Ont., on Thursday and Friday of last week, both afternoon and evening. The lovely home was brilliantly lighted and looked very attractive. The dining-room, furnished elegantly in mahogany, was exquisitely decorated in white and Nile green, with white flowers, the effect being very beautiful. A pair of handsome silver candelabra, a gift to Captain Grafton from his employees, adorned the polished table, which was loaded with dainty refreshments for the many guests. The bride received in a trained gown of white *moire*, which was particularly becoming to her slender figure. After an absence of several years in California, Mrs. Grafton greatly enjoyed meeting her old schoolmates and friends and making new acquaintances. Mrs. Hastings of Toronto, Mrs. Harper of Dundas, Mrs. Livingston and Miss

Cockshutt of Brantford received with the bride.

The marriage of Miss Maude McFee, youngest daughter of Mr. Allan McFee of Belleville, to Mr. S. S. Bongard of Toronto, took place at the residence of the bride's father at 2:30 p.m. on Thursday, November 21. The officiating clergyman was Rev. C. E. McIntyre of Bridge street Methodist church. The witnesses of the ceremony were limited to only the immediate relatives. The bride was becomingly attired in a handsome traveling suit of Kitchener blue broadcloth with toque to match, and carried a shower bouquet of white roses. She was attended by Miss Mabel Sills, who was gowned in a blue tailor-made costume and carried chrysanthemums, and little Miss Vera Borbridge, niece of the bride, in pale green silk, carried a basket of pink roses. The groomsmen were Mr. Harry Hamm. The parlors were artistically decorated with palms, smilax and flowers. After the ceremony and congratulations a dainty *dejeuner* was served, followed by the usual toasts, after which the happy couple left on the 5:20 train for the West. The popularity of the young couple was attested by the great number of beautiful presents. Mr. and Mrs. Bongard have taken up their residence at 226 Jarvis street, and were at Home to their friends after December 5.

The young ladies of St. Cecilia's choir of Loretto Abbey gave a very enjoyable concert and banquet last Saturday. It took place in the spacious hall, about forty of the young ladies, habited in the trim black uniform, taking part. The pianists of the evening were: Miss Edith Maon, who impressed one as being thoroughly mistress of her instrument; Miss Rena DeVan, a very brilliant player; and Misses Mabel Phalen, B. Olivier, and Cecil McKenna, all excellent interpreters of the fine old masterpieces. Miss Marie McGuire sang St. Cecilia's hymn very sweetly, the choir joining in the chorus. Miss Ruby Shea, who possesses a beautiful contralto, sang two selections; Miss Mangan, The Angel's Serenade, accompanied by Miss Mignonne Parkes on the violin. The programme concluded with The Andalusian Waltz by three violins, three mandolins and piano, a soprano solo by Miss Flannigan and a duet, Maying. Miss Gwendoline Jones was the accompanist of the evening. After God Save the Queen the company retired to discuss the dainties spread in the new recreation hall.

A quiet but pretty wedding took place on Thursday afternoon, December 1, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. Cronkrite of Cecil street, when their only daughter, Helena, was married to Mr. Charles E. Warnock of this city by Rev. W. H. Hincks, L.L.B. The bride wore a charming gown of hunter's green, with green velvet and white satin trimmings, and carried a shower bouquet of cream roses. On her bodice sparkled a beautiful pendant studded with pearls, opals and diamonds, the gift of the groom. The bridesmaid, Miss Gertrude Stead of 93 Hazelton avenue, was costumed in royal blue, with black satin folds and cream satin and pearl trimmings, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. Mr. H. F. Schmidt of Sebringville was the groomsmen. After a dainty *dejeuner* the happy couple left for Buffalo and other eastern cities.

"Me and Frank."

Years ago, when Frank Parmelee was running his "bus line" in Chicago (says the *Record*), he had a driver named "Bob," and he had his suspicions that he wasn't getting all the fares he was entitled to. "Bob" had a habit of talking to himself, and one night Parmelee caught him in the stable reckoning up the day's proceeds. He had emptied his buckskin bag out on a sack of oats, and was stacking up silver dollars in two piles.

"Here's a dollar for me, and here's a dollar for Frank," he said, "and a dollar for me and a dollar for Frank."

He kept on this way until he had all the money equally divided, with a dollar over. Parmelee kept still and waited to see what "Bob" would do with that dollar. "Bob" looked at it and weighed it in his hand.

"Shall I keep it?" he says to himself; "no, I'll let Frank have it. He has to feed the horses."

Parmelee broke in on him then, and gathered in the whole pot. Next he proceeded to talk kindly but firmly to his driver.

"It's a good thing you had some glimmerings of conscience remaining, you infernal old scoundrel," he said; "if you hadn't turned over that odd dollar, I'd have fired you, sure."



PEMBER'S

Hair Goods, Hair Dressing, Russian and Turkish Bath Establishment.

We have the largest and best equipped establishment in Canada, with all the latest and best facilities for manufacturing Fine Hair Goods. Our stock is complete in every respect. Hair Dressing for Balls, Theatres, Weddings, etc.

W. T. PEMBER

127-129 Yonge St., Branch—174 Yonge St.

Turkish Baths in Connection.

Tel. 2275, 3553. Write for Catalogue.

The One

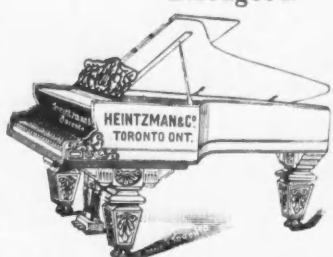
Piano

that has won the favor of those most capable of expressing an opinion is a

HEINTZMAN & CO.

"I am glad to join in the praise that all other artists have bestowed upon your magnificent pianos."—Katherine Bloodgood.

"Excels any piano I have ever used."—Madame Albani.



Heintzman & Co.

117 King St. West

TORONTO

Established 1847

THE CARBON STUDIO, 79 KING WEST

J. FRASER BRYCE

Appointments for XMAS sittings made now.

OUR GROUPES PORTRAITS CABINETS MINIATURES

The Most ARTISTIC in Canada

CHILDREN AT POPULAR PRICES

OUR SPECIALTY



GIFT FURS

If in doubt—give furs. Our collection is the grandest we have ever displayed, in points of richness, novelty, quality and variety, and in a hundred-and-one ways from a stock like ours can select some suitable and appreciable present for either lady or gentleman. With always this in our favor—and yours too—that we make all the garments we sell. We can guarantee every garment we sell to be just as represented—and that the models are right down to the hour in style. Lugsdin's for Fine Furs—first, last and always.

J. & J. LUGSDIN

J. W. T. FAIRWEATHER & CO.

122 YONGE STREET

Palms

and other

Decorative Plants.

Nice Kenia Palms from 75c. to \$2.00 each
Araucaria Excelsa, from \$1.25 to \$1.50 each
Ferns, assorted vars., from 20c. to 50c. each
Rubber Plants, - from 40c. to 75c. each
Nothing is more suitable for a Christmas present than a nice Palm.

HOLLY, MISTLETOE and BOUQUET GREEN WREATHING

The Steele, Briggs Seed Co.

LIMITED

'Phone 1982. Retail Dept., 130 and 132 King St. East

Greenhouses, 1614 Queen St. East



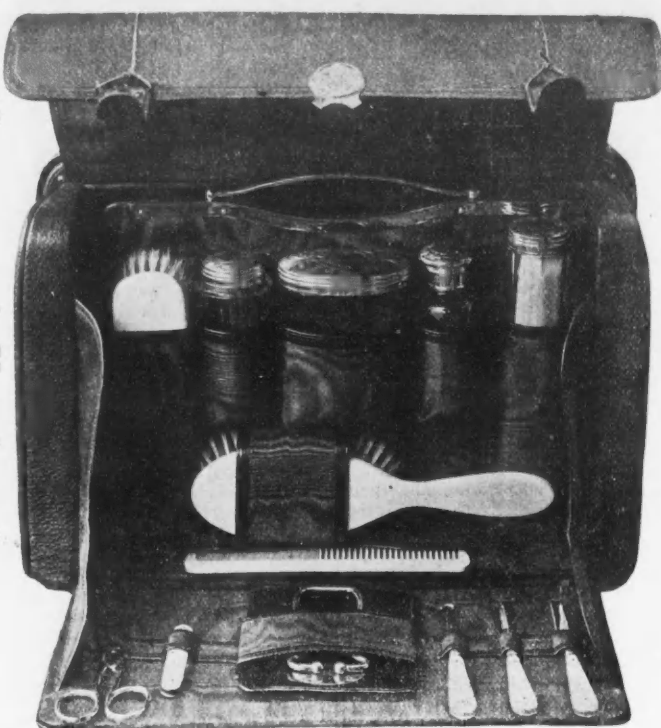


In Our TOILET BAGS

the
Fittings
used are the
best obtainable.

The
Designs
are compact
and complete

The Fittings being on detachable falls
made to stand on dressing table.



TOILET BAGS

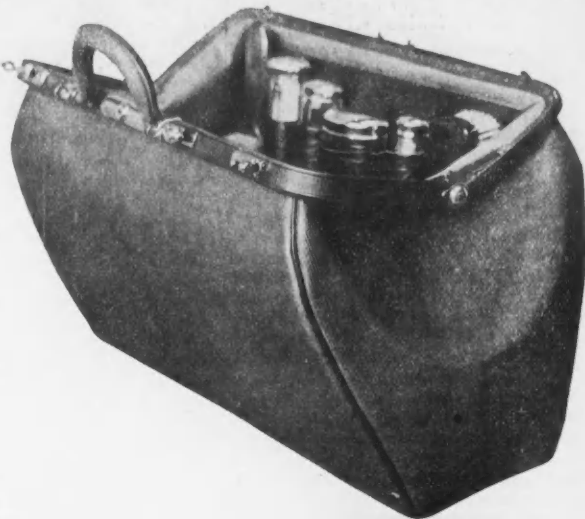
For Ladies or Gentlemen

Prices \$12.00 to \$60.00

TOILET BAGS

MADE IN
Real Alligator
Real Morocco
Green Seal
Olive, Green
and
Russet Grain
Leathers

Brass
Mountings
Leather
and Silk
Linings

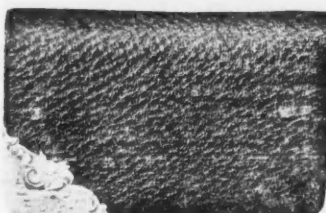


WRITING FOLIOS—New designs, new
leathers, all colors. Prices \$2.25 to \$12.

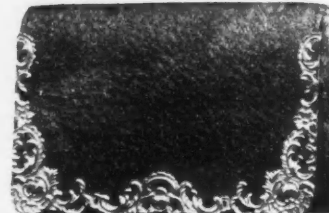


MUSIC HOLDERS—As in cut, in Real Seal,
Morocco and Morocco Grain. Prices
\$1.50 to \$6.00.

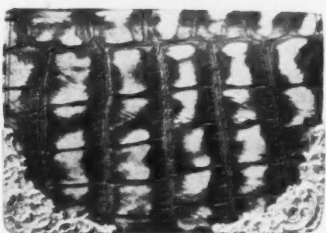
MUSIC ROLLS AND CASES—In Real Seal,
Morocco and Grain Leathers. Prices
75c. to \$3.



REAL MONKEY LEATHER—Calf lined,
Monkey tipped, in Black, Light Brown
and Green.



REAL SEAL LEATHER—Full Leather lined,
Seal tipped, in Black, Green, Brown,
Cement, Maroon, Blue, Chocolate, Purple,
Light Brown, Cedar and Moss Green shades



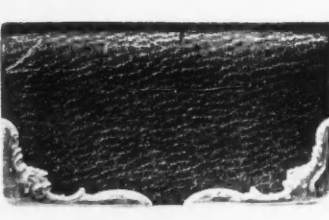
OUR DISPLAY OF Ladies' Combination Pocket Books IN FINE LEATHERS

Is Most Complete. PRICES 50c. to \$5.00

**Sterling and Gold
Ornaments**
In New
Designs
PRICES 25c. to \$1.50



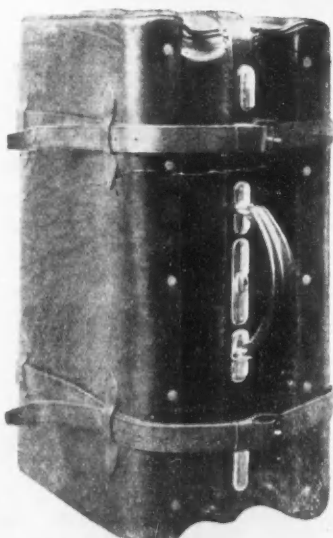
REAL ALLIGATOR LEATHER—In three
distinct finishes—Porcelain, Majolica
and Effigies, in 35 shades of colors.



**THIS YEAR DESIGN
Narrow Pattern Ladies' Combination**
Made in all Leathers and Finishes.



SHOPPING BAGS—In Morocco, Real Seal and Grain leathers—in Black, Olive,
Brown and Green. Prices 90c. to \$5.00.



BELLOWS BAG—Full Leather lined in
Olive leather.

Suit... Cases

MADE IN

Olive, Russet and Alli-
gator Leathers

In 22 in. and 31 in. sizes and in
two depths.

Linen Lined
Leather Lined
and Silk Lined

EQUALLY ADAPTED FOR
Ladies or Gentlemen



PRICES \$1.50 to \$16.00

The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co. LIMITED

105 King St. West, Toronto

MAKERS OF

Fine Traveling and Leather Goods

Our Stock of...

Dress Trunks, Steamer Trunks,
Basket Trunks, Club Bags, Kit
Bags and Traveling Goods

IS THE MOST COMPLETE IN CANADA

We as makers are enabled to
guarantee the quality of all of
our productions.

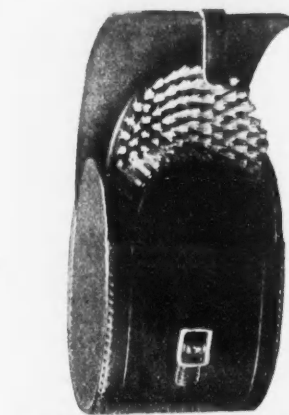
SEND FOR

64 PAGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

Mailed Free on Request

It will Aid You in Choosing Articles for Presentation or
Personal Use.

All Goods Delivered, Charges Prepaid, on Receipt of Price

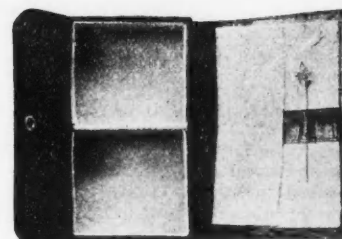


SOLID BLACK MILITARY BRUSHES
In Real
Ebony, Olivewood, Rosewood

Prices \$3.00 to \$5.00 per pair.



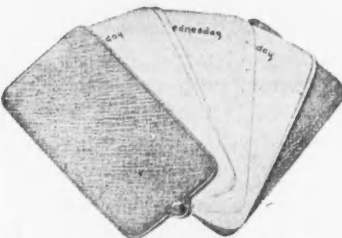
FLAT COLLAR AND CUFF CASE—
Leather lined. Made in Real Seal, Real
Morocco and Solid leathers—in all
colors. Prices \$1.50 to \$5.00.



STICK PIN AND STUD CASE—In fine
leathers. Prices \$1.25 and \$1.50.



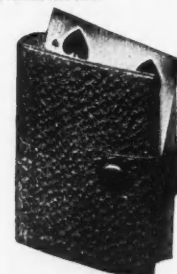
**TICKET HOLDERS, STAMP CASES,
CHANGE PURSES**—In new de-
signs. Prices 10c. to 75c.



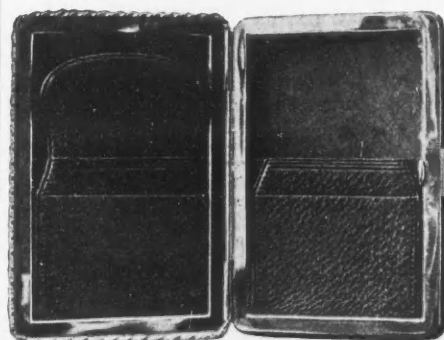
MEMORANDUM—In fancy leathers, to
match purses. Price 50c.; with ster-
ling ornament 75c.



TRAVELING INKS—In novel shapes—
Football and Traveling Bag shapes.
Price 35c.



PLAYING CARD CASES—Complete with
Markers and Gilt-edged Cards. Single
\$1.00, \$1.25; double \$2.00, \$2.50.



CIGAR CASES—In Fine leathers. Prices 75c. to \$1.50.
CIGARETTE CASES—In new leathers. Prices 50c.
to \$1.50.



FLASKS—In all sizes—1 pt. to 1 1/2 qt.
Prices 50c. to \$3.00.



LADIES' TRAVELING BAGS—In all Patterns, Leathers and Sizes. Prices \$2.25 to \$17.